The Mapleton Item.

VOL. 6. MAPLETON DEPOT, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1894. NO. 29

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

On and after May 27, 1894, trains will depart from Mapleton (eastern standard time) as follows:

GOING WEST.

For Huntingdon, every day, 5.49, 11.48, a. m., and 8.14 p. m.

For Tyrone, Altoona and Pittsburg, every day, 5.49, 11.48 a. m., and 8.14 p. m.

Trains leave Altoona for Pittsburg, 3.40, 4.55 and 8.00 A. M., 1.55, 3.45, 6.15 (limited), 7.55 and 10.50 P. M., every day, and 2.15 a. m. daily except Monday.

Trains leave Huntingdon for Bedford, Cumberland and way stations, 8.35 a. m., 1.00 p. m. 6.35 p. m., week days, and 8.10 a.m., Sundays.

Trains leave Tyrone for Curwensville and points on Tyrone and Clearfield branch, 8.20 a. m. and 3.15 and 7.30 p. m., week days.

Leave Tyrone for Lock Haven and points on Bald Eagle branch and the P. and E. R. R., 8.10 a. m., 3.10 and 7.25 p. m., week days.

Connection is made at (Union Station) Pittsburg for all points West, Northwest and Southwest.

GOING EAST.

Leave Mapleton for Lewistown Junc., 8.47 3.38 and 7.35. p. m., every day and 6.32, a. m., week days.

For Mifflin, 8.47 3.38 and 7.35, p. m., every day, and 6.32 a. m., week days.

For Harisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington, 8.47, 3.38, 7.35 p. m., every day, and 6.32 a. m., week days.

Trains leave Lewistown Junction for Sunbury and points on the P. and E. R. R. and N. C. Ry. at 7.40 a. m., 3.00 p. m., week days.

Connection is made at Harrisburg for stations North and South on N. C. Ry.

Trains leave Harrisburg as follows:

Philadelphia Express daily at 1.10 A. M., arrives at Philadelphia at 4.30 A. M. and New York at 7.33 A. M.

Eastern Express daily at 2.15 A. M. arrives Philadelphia 5.05 A. M. and New York 7.43A.M

Fast Line daily at 3.45 A. M., arrives Philadelphia 6.50 A. M. daily and New York 9.33 A M. week days and 10.35 A. M. Sunday.

Harrisburg Express daily (except Sunday) at 6.50 A. M. arrives at Philadelphia at 10.20 A. M. and New York at 1.13 P. M.

Atlantic Express daily at 10.35 A. M. arrives at Philadelphia at 1.25 P. M. and New York at 4.03 P. M.

Seashore Express daily (except Sunday) at 11.40 A. M., arrives at Philadelphia 3.00 P. M. and New York at 5.53 P. M.

Pennsylvania Limited Express of Pullman Vestibule cars daily at 1.40 p. m. and arrives at Philadelphia at 4.17 p. M. and New York at 6.39 p. M.

Philadelphia Accommodation, 2.15 p. m. daily, except Sunday. Arrives at Philadelphia 6.45 p. m , New York 9.38 p. m.

Day Express daily at 3.40 p. m., arrives at Philadelphia at 6.50 p. m. and New York at 9. 38 p. m.

Harrisburg Accommodation, daily (except Sunday), at 4.50 p. m., and arrives at Philadelphia at 9 45 p. m., New York 12 33 a. m. (except Monday).

Mail Train daily at 7.30 p. m. arrives at Philadelphia at 11.15 p. m., New York, 3.53 a. m.

Mail Train, Sunday only, 1.30 p. m., arrives at Philadelphia 6.15 p. m., New York 9.20 p.m.

For rates, maps, etc., call on ticket agents or address Thomas E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 110 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

S. M. PREVOST, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

EAST BROAD TOP RAILROAD.

To take effect at 7:46 a. m., on Monday, July 2, 1894.

NORTH. Mail, No. 5.	NORTH. Mixed, No. 3.	NORTH. Mixed, No. 1.	STATIONS.	SOUTH. Mail, No. 2.	SOUTH. Mixed, No. 4.	SOUTH. Mail, No. 6.
P. M.	a, m	a m.		A. M.	p. m.	P. M
1 10	9 16		Robertsdale	11 45	4 04	6 1
1 20	9 26		Cook's	11 33	3 54	5 5
1 33	9 39		Cole's	11 20	3 41	5 47
1 59	10 09		Saltillo	10 50	3 11	5 07
2 06	10 16		Three Springs	10 42	3 04	5 00
2 18	10 29		*Beersville	10 19	2 52	4 48
2 30	10 42	7 46	Rockhill	9 58	2 40	4 36
2 55	10 58	8 02	Shirley	9 42	2 25	4 20
3 02	11 06	8 10	*Augh. Mills	9 34	2 18	4 13
3 16	11 20	8 25	Mount Union	9 20	2 05	4 00

No. 7 leaves Robertsdale 4.29, Cook's 4.39, Cole's 4.52, Saltillo 5.17, Three Springs 5.24, Beersville 5.36, and arrives at Rockhill 5.48.

SHADE GAP BRANCH.

WEST. No. 12	WEST. No. 10	STATIONS.	EAST No. 9	EAST No. 11
p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.
6 36	9 41	L Rockhill A	7 50	4 50
6 29	9 34	*Blacklog	7 57	4 57
6 21	9 26	*Cedar Rock	8 05	5 05
6 17	9 22	*Locke Vall'y	8 09	5 09
6 11	9 16	*Shade Gap	8 15	5 15
5 59	8 59	Stair	8 27	5 27
5 50	8 50	A Goshorn L	8 36	5 36

* Flag stations.

A. W. SIMS, Superintendent.

PATENTS

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MR. WILSON.

"A chilly town! A chilly town!" murmured H. Pemberton Wilson as he limped around to the sunny side of warehouse F and slowly let himself down to a recumbent position on the hot, tarry boards.

"A chilly town. That's what. Even in the summer time," said H. Pemberton Wilson as he threw a stray nail into the muddy slip and lazily watched the rings enlarge and lose themselves in faintest ripples. "You take any train, and it lands you here, and the only comfort of being here is that there's so many trains out. I s'pose my stomach thinks I'm tryin to go without anything for a week just on a bet. The country lanes must be sighin for me. I wonder if turnips are getting large enough?"

To designate H. Pemberton Wilson as a hobo would simply corroborate his opinion of himself.

He has carved "Hobo Wilson" on many a section shanty and milepost between Scranton, Pa., and Council Bluffs, Ia., and there were friends who knew him as Rooster.

On one Indiana trip he had earned the title of Come Again Wilson because he had a persistent way of getting on a train after once being put off.

Like many another of his class, he was not devoid of sentiment or philosophy. He carried in his breast pocket a speckled volume of Burns' poems. He had forgotten to return it to a public library in southern Illinois. The book opened of itself at the lines, "A man's a man for a' that." Hobo Wilson read the poem as he lay with his back against the warm boards of warehouse F, and then he put the book back into the pocket of his coat, which he had thrown down beside him.

At the bend in the river a coal vessel was being unloaded. The click of the machinery and the noisy dumping of the big buckets at the regular intervals became rather soothing when the rhythm was understood. Hobo Wilson tapped with his thumb, keeping time, and looked through the rigging of a lumber schooner in the second slip beyond at the coughing smokestack which reached up from a small planing mill. The mill was buzzing in changeable tones, like a nest of discordant bumblebees.

The smoke rolling from the stack drifted through the rigging, where the yards and netted lines seemed to cut into irregular shapes. Hobo Wilson watched drowsily until to his blurred vision there were many fantastic forms floating in the foggy maze. And he was not greatly surprised when one of these forms took on the outline of a dwarfish human being and floated slowly toward him. It poised for a moment above a hawser timber and shook itself, a shower of soot falling from it. Then it settled into a comfortable sitting attitude and looked at him.

"Well, Rooster, how's everything?"

The voice was rather small and shrill. Hobo Wilson could not answer at once. He was marveling at the appearance of his strange visitor. The little man was hardly three feet high. Under the slouch hat was a good natured and wrinkled face, decorated on the chin with a tuft of beard, which might have been gray at one time, but which was now blackened and dusty, the same as his face and clothes. The latter were of rough quality—a hickory shirt, a shoddy pair of trousers fringed at the bottoms and held up by one suspender, and a pair of worn shoes much too large and laced with hemp twine.

"Are you down on your luck, Rooster?" asked the little man.

"I'm livin on the air," said Hobo, "but where did you come from?"

"I just dropped in with the smoke Don't know me, eh?"

"That's what; I don't."

"Listen, Hobo Wilson. Do you remember last Saturday morning when you were at Hammond and divided your handout with a brother who alighted from a box car a day out from Louisville and very hungry?"

"I do. 'A man's a man for a' that.'"

"True enough, Rooster. That was a good deed. More than once I've seen you give a comrade a good place on the truck."

"Where was you?"

"I dare say you didn't look up into the rolling cloud of smoke to see the good fairy of the hoboes."

"Fairy!"

"Cert. You didn't expect the guardian fairy of the hoboes to tear around the country in all kinds of weather with a little white robe and some ostrich feather wings?"

"I s'pose not."

"Hobo Wilson, I've watched you. I never saw you do a pard any dirt. The good things of this world must not all be given to brakemen and farmers and people who work. Are you hungry?"

"Sure!"

"Then feel in the pockets of that coat beside you and believe me when I tell you that every man must live before he dies."

"Sufferin brake beams!" gasped Rooster as he drew from one pocket after another crumpled rolls of bank bills. He heaped them up on the faded check cloth, and his tears fell on them.

"No more drillin in the snow; no souphouses; never again in a bucket. Pard, you've done"——

But when he looked up again the one gallused fairy had disappeared, and the smoke which pushed through the rigging and rolled away was blacker than ever.

He put all the money in his pockets, first throwing away the balls of twine, the old pocketknife and the needle and thread wound about a beer cork.

On the street car he could find no bill less than $5, and the conductor grumbled about the change.

"Give me the change, confound you," said Mr. Wilson, "or else I'll have that number off your cap."

Thereupon the conductor quieted down and gave him his change. Mr. Wilson tossed 10 cents to a baby on a seat in front of him and then settled back to enjoy his ride. He had never known of a more beautiful day. He observed with much satisfaction that every one else seemed as happy as he. The women in the doorways were smiling, and children romped along the sidewalks. He counted the money from one pocket and found that it amounted to $65, or 1,300 glasses of beer. The other passengers watched him curiously.

He alighted at Polk street and walked over to Dinny's place. The old crowd was there.

"Come up, you fellows," said Mr. Wilson, "and drink all you can hold. I mean it," he added as they did not seem willing to stand up and take chances. "Here's the stuff."

He dribbled out on the bar the silver which the conductor had given him.

There was a rush, and Dinny began setting out rows of schooners.

"Drink up that money!" shouted Mr. Wilson, "and say, Dinny, give me a good cigar."

While the boys were taking away the "scuttles" as fast as they could be passed up, Mr. Wilson went out to purchase a wardrobe. He knew the place to go, because he had stood before it many a time looking at the brilliant neckties and white collars. The proprietor met him gruffly, but melted into smiles when he saw the roll of money.

"Fix me up from the skin out," said Mr. Wilson. "Give me the best stuff you've got and hand it out quick. Have you got a back room?"

Certainly he had a back room. Mr. Wilson was shown to that apartment and was treated to every courtesy. One by one the necessary articles were pushed into the room. At the end of ten minutes he was a new man. His neck felt the dignified embrace of a collar for the first time in years. The stiff shirt had straightened him up. He put his money into his new clothes and strolled out. The big officer who had once kicked him moved respectfully aside to allow him to pass.

"I'll hire some one to lick that fellow," said Mr. Wilson as he directed his steps toward a fancy barroom.

He drank cocktail after cocktail, and the only effect was to increase his general cheerfulness and make every one around him more attentive to his wishes.

"Where's the best restaurant in town?" he asked, leaning over the bar and familiarly addressing the man in the white garments.

"It's two blocks down."

"I'll show you where it is," said a man who wore clothes almost as good as those of Mr. Wilson; "come with me."

Mr. Wilson locked arms with the gentleman, who introduced himself as president of a bank and said he was proud to be allowed to walk along the street with Mr. Wilson. They met several distinguished citizens whose names Mr. Wilson had read in scraps of newspaper around the lodging house.

They met the mayor, the postmaster, Mr. Armour, Mr. Field, Mr. Pullman and others. Every time Mr. Wilson was introduced the whole crowd went and had a drink. Mr. Wilson showed them how much money he had, and they slapped him on the back and said he was a good fellow.

At last Mr. Wilson and the banker sat down to dine. They had lobster and pie and champagne and all kinds of drinks, and Mr. Wilson gave the waiter a dollar to fan him while he was eating.

Mr. Wilson ate two lobsters, for they were the first he had tasted in ten years, and every one in the house watched him when he pulled out such a lot of money and demanded to know how much he owed the place.

After that he and the banker went riding in an open carriage, and all the people along the street stopped to see them go by. They halted in front of a saloon and had the bartender bring three bottles of champagne out to the carriage—one for Mr. Wilson, one for the banker and one for the driver.

While they were drinking the champagne out of the bottles a crowd gathered around. Mr. Wilson ordered a policeman to disperse the crowd, and he did so promptly.

"Now, what shall we do next?" asked the banker, putting his arm around Mr. Wilson's neck.

"Oh, take a little ride and then have something more to drink. Drive up there!" and he stood up in the seat and kicked the driver in the back.

So they drove up one street and down another, while the bands played and women at the windows waved handkerchiefs. Mr. Wilson leaned back in the cushions, thoroughly happy and counting his money, when he felt a sudden pain in his right foot.

The pain became more sharp.

He raised himself to his elbow.

He was getting the "hot foot." A heavy policeman was pounding the sole of his shoe. The club was lifted again, but Hobo Wilson drew back his leg.

"Go wan, now! Get a move!" said the policeman, giving him a kick with the broad of his foot.

"Well, I'm goin," whined Hobo Wilson, whose head was all in a whirl as he came to his feet. He picked up his coat and limped around the corner of warehouse F, and at each step the cruel truth became clearer to him.

"Thank goodness for one thing," said he, "I can still taste the lobster."

There was one remarkable circumstance in connection with this adventure, and it is a puzzle to Pemberton Wilson, alias Hobo Wilson, alias Come Again Wilson, alias Rooster. He remembered throwing away the pocketbook, thread and needle and string when he found the money.

Sure enough, when he searched his coat afterward, he found that of his personal property only the copy of Burns remained.—Chicago Record.

THE GIRL IN WHITE.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF LIZZIE CLARK TWENTY YEARS AGO.

The Tragedy of a Little Illinois Town. Murder or Suicide—The Ghost That Is Seen by Hunters and River Men—It Is Always Arrayed In a White Gown.

Fully 20 years have passed since Lizzie Clark, an orphan with a heritage, disappeared from a hotel in Dallas City, Ills., as completely as if the earth had swallowed her up. In all that western country there has never been a stranger case than the disappearance of that girl, and there has never been a greater ghost mystery than has been and still is occasioned by the evidently disembodied spirit of the girl.

The story of Lizzie Clark has been county history. She was an orphan and had some property and money. A guardian had been appointed, and Lizzie, being ambitions to add to her little store, set about to work in a hotel hard by the river's edge. Through the dining room of this hotel runs the line between Hancock and Henderson counties, so that often a guest reached from Hancock into Henderson county when after butter. A country swain and his lass, if seated opposite each other at this board, are in different counties. Many a man wanted for some offense in Hancock county has sat at this table in Henderson county and grinned at the sheriff of Hancock county.

It was one afternoon about 20 years ago that Lizzie Clark, who had been washing dishes in the kitchen, stepped out into the yard of the hotel. She was seen to leave the kitchen by several working around the house, who paid no attention to the girl, but that was the last ever seen of her. Those who saw her step out into the yard heard no scream, no stifled moan, no struggling, but there are people yet living who believe that the girl was suddenly seized, strangled, concealed in the house until dark and then cast into the dark river. Be that as it may, the murderers, if they remained in the same locality long, have been amply tormented since.

It is said that the murderers did not leave the locality for some time thereafter, and yet, again, others say the girl was never murdered, but drowned herself, and that her ghost is not one of a murdered person's, but one of a suicide. All one can gain from the different stories and theories is that the girl was dealt with foully in some manner, and that her ghost still haunts the locality. Of course every effort was made to ferret out the mystery. Detectives hunted high and low, money was spent to no purpose, and finally the guardian of the girl's estate turned her money and property over to the county authorities, in whose hand it remains to this day because there is no kith or kin to claim it.

The girl's ghost was first seen in December, 1887, when a party of duck hunters were returning to Dallas City from the islands. An excursion steamer had become disabled late in the season and was lying on the bank of the island across the bay. She was in a rather bad fix. It was expected to leave her there during the winter. As the hunters neared the craft a form in white was seen to run out upon the upper deck. It was a young girl's figure, and she was evidently being pursued, for from across the water came screams, and then the following words: "Leave me alone, leave me alone, or I will drown myself!" With that the specter flung itself into the river. There was a splash, and the cold waters closed over the white body. Several times during that winter the ghost of Lizzie Clark was seen at night and at early candle light around the disabled steamer. When the steamer was taken away the next spring, workmen and steamboatmen heard pitiful screams from the willows on shore as the boat moved away. The spirit did not leave the island, and it is believed now that she was buried on the island after the murder.

Of later years, however, the girl's ghost has been seen in a skiff at night, and it was only a few evenings ago that one of the St. Louis and St. Paul fast steamers ran into the spectral thing. The pilot did not see the ghostly craft until too late. He says he saw a boat of white that looked more like floating fleece than anything else. In the boat was a young girl in white raiment, but there were blood clots on the white dress. "She was rowing swiftly. When the prow of the steamer struck this frail craft, it cut through it like mist. The ghostly occupant only laughed a sort of uncanny laugh—a half scream—and when we had passed I saw the spectral craft dancing on the waves behind. I doubt if an ordinary skiff could have lived in the waves of our steamer, right under the paddles." Thus spoke the pilot, and he is a man of few words and sterling integrity.

"Have you seen Lizzie Clark's boat?" is now the question that goes from one mouth to another during the summer season. The question is not asked so often in winter from the fact that the poor girl's spirit does not seem to roam so much. Hunters have come into Dallas shaking with fright and calling for a dram to brace their nerves, saying that while coming down from the islands above on the ice they had met Lizzie Clark walking rapidly toward them. She always wears that white dress, and the blood stains on the neck are plain. The girl's eyes are always staring wide open, as if she were being suffocated. Her spirit has been known to step out from behind a clump of dead trees at the head of the island and face passers-by. She will give them a terrible look and then scream piteously. In an instant more the spirit has disappeared.—Chicago Times.

The Bachelor's Fate.

A lonely old bachelor in Atchison sat on his porch the other evening, and in his great lonelinesss and desire to be made much of by one woman made up his mind that he would ask the seventh woman who passed, if unencumbered by a husband, to marry him. The first was a girl who wore red slippers and black stockings. The bachelor was critical and congratulated himself that he had said seventh instead of first.

The second had a dude by the arm. The third wore glasses and looked coldly at the giggling couple ahead of her. "Might as well go into the ice business," thought the bachelor. The fourth had three children with her and talked about papa as she passed the gate. The fifth wore widow's weeds. The sixth was such a modest, pretty girl of 16 that the bachelor wondered if he hadn't said sixth instead of seventh. Several minutes elapsed before the seventh came into view.

She had a graceful walk, and a nearer view showed she was not bad looking. "Might have done worse," he thought. She stopped as she reached the gate, turned and walked up the path. "By Jove, she is coming to take possession!" said the bachelor. "I have come," said the woman in a voice that somehow made the bachelor's blood chill, "to ask your influence in favor of the constitutional amendment." The bachelor gave a horse yell, threw up his legs and fled.—Atchison Globe.

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 139 Florida St., San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in coughs and colds. Free trial bottles at B. O'Connor & Sons'. Regular size 50c and $1.00.

DEATH RODE THE STORM.

FATAL COLLAPSE OF A FLIMSY NEW YORK BUILDING.

An Unfinished Seven-Story Factory Blown Down by the Wind—Nearly Half a Score Killed—The Damage Along the Coast to Shipping, and Shore Property.

A storm which swept over New York City blew down a building in course of erection. Its walls crushed into an adjoining house and killed nine persons. Miss Mary Kerr, of Englewood, N. J., was killed by the falling of a chimney cap which was blown from its place and crashed through the roof. Mrs. Murphy and two of her children were swept from a barge in Huntington Bay, Long Island, and were drowned. A surfman was drowned at Cape May. Small crafts were blown ashore in the Sound and along the New Jersey coast and many were wrecked at their moorings.

The seven-story brick "sweater" factory which was in process of construction at 74 Monroe street, collapsed during the height of the violent storm of wind and rain, demolishing in its tremendous fall the two-story and attic frame tenement flanking it on the west, and crushing the rear extension of the brick dwelling on the east, besides knocking a hole in the side wall of the main portion of this structure large enough for a carriage and pair to drive through.

Upwards of thirty persons were sleeping in these dwellings at the time, and how any of them escaped death is a miracle. Nine were killed outright in the crash, or lived but a few seconds after the brief, terrible, confused awakening, and seventeen were more less seriously injured.

The crash came about fifteen minutes before 4 o'clock a. m., and in a twinkling the entire neighborhood was aroused and in an uproar. The list of dead, all of No. 72 Monroe street, is as follows:

Bessie Abrams, forty years old, wife of Isaac I. Abrams; Eli Abrams, seven years old, son of Isaac I. and Bessie Abrams; Isaac I. Abrams, forty-two years old, husband of Bessie Abrams; Rose Abrams, sixteen years old, daughter of Isaac I. and Bessie L. Abrams; Abraham Karones, nine years old, son of Michael and Bertha Karones; Bertha Karones, fifty years old, wife of Michael Karones; Solomon Karones, twenty-one years old, son of Michael and Bertha Karones; Jennie Steinman, sixty years old, who lived with her daughter and son, Bessie and Meyer, Meyer Steinman, thirty-one years old, son of Jennie Steinman.

The collapsed factory building was the property of Louis Aronowitz, an architectural iron worker, of No. 85 Monroe street, with his home at No. 312 Madison street. He proposed using it for "sweaters" workshops. It was built on a lot twenty feet in width by eighty-nine feet in depth.

The neighbors say that the building had been rushed up in haphazard fashion, and with inferior materials. Aronowitz, who was arrested at noon and arraigned before Justice Hogan, in the Essex Market Police Court, ascribed the disaster to the storm. He was paroled until further evidence could be obtained.

Thomas Hennessy, of No. 33 Monroe street, was standing at the corner of Pelham street, not far away, chatting with some friends. He thinks it was a quarter of four o'clock when he started up the street in the side opposite the building to walk to his home.

As he was abreast of the factory a sound like the report of a cannon caused him to break into a wild run for the next corner. The next moment there was a deafening grinding and cracking, and with a rush the tall skeleton of brick and iron sank and then fell apart like a house of cards, sending up dense volumes of choking dust, and piling its dismembered elements over an area of fully one hundred square feet.

Policemen Curry and Powers, with Dr. Musgrave, a physician who lives opposite, and Janitor McLaughlin, of Primary School No. 36, were first to realize the gravity of the situation. A glance showed them that the two-story frame tenement, No. 72, adjoining the factory on the west, had been blotted out of existence, and that No. 76, a brick dwelling to the east, was also involved in the disaster. But, worst of all, were the cries of agony that issued from the piles of debris.

Policeman Curry ran to the nearest fire alarm box and turned in a call. His next step was to telephone for all the ambulances available in the lower part of the city. The reserves from the Madison Street Station House were also sent for.

Louis Abrams and Isaac Abrams, who were screaming for help, were pulled out with some difficulty, and were able to join the others, for whom an asylum had been hastily improvised in the school house, where the wife of the janitor provided blankets and restoratives for the half clad, half dead survivors.

The experience of Hyman Abrams, who was sleeping with four others in the attic, was the most dramatic and sensational of the disaster. He was awakened by the crash and carried downward, as it seemed to him, an awful distance. There was a crushing and cracking in his ears that told him something terrible had happened, but what it was he could not know. Almost choking from the thick dust, he yet retained enough of his senses to realize the presence of other sufferers near him.

After the first excitement was over it was learned that there were twenty persons in the small two-story tenement which felt the brunt of the crash, while in the extension of the brick dwelling at No. 76 Monroe street there were nine.

The work of rescue was prosecuted diligently from the first, and amid the blinding rain, by three engine companies. These were reinforced later in the day by a gang of laborers, under the direction of Contractor Galligan.

After two hours' hard work Annie Karones was rescued and carried into the school house, where were her brothers and sisters. Meyer Steinman was brought to the surface just after he had apparently breathed his last.

The neighbors labored hard to alleviate the sufferings of their stricken fellows. Inside the school house Mrs. McLaughlin, the janitor's wife busied herself in supplying the rescued with clothing.

James Wallace, a Hamilton street saloon keeper, opened his cellar and provided free stimulants for the men who worked in the driving rain to rescue the unfortunate from the ruins.

Jacob Karones was rescued by the firemen shortly after one o'clock from a great mass of debris. He was pinned down by a heavy beam, and was crying faintly for help when the firemen got to him.

In the front of the building a girl's hand was uncovered after an hour's hard labor. The firemen were able to reach her and give her brandy, but it was an hour and a half after that before they were able to rescue her from the broken rafters and beams that imprisoned her. Louis and Carl Abrams were utterly buried in the ruins and remained there for two hours before the firemen were able to reach them. Mrs. Karones, when her dead body was taken from under the ruins, was found to be horribly mutilated.

The most remarkable incident in connection with the disaster was the miraculous escape from death of Jacob Karones. For nearly nine hours he lay buried in the debris threatened every minute with instant death should a cavein occur. A wire mattress had providentially fallen across a couple of beams directly above his body, thus giving him space in which to breathe. The workmen dug away for two hours to extricate him after his cries showed that he was still living. The men worked slowly and cautiously. When they finally reached the imprisoned man he called for a cup of water, which was given to him. His pluck astonished everybody.

At 11 p. m. the body of Isaac Abrams was taken out. A few moments later that of the son, Eli, eight years old, was unearthed. The two had evidently been sleeping in one bed. It was midnight before the body of Mrs. Bessie Abrams, the wife and mother, was dug out of the debris.

The American Line steamer New York, for Southamption, crossed the Bar at 12.40 p. m. The sea was so high that she was obliged to run down off the coast to discharge her pilot, it being too hazardous to attempt it on the Bar.

The gale did considerable damage along the Staten Island shore, and many small boats which were anchored there dragged their anchors and went on the beach.

Slight damage was done to all the walls and piers along the Staten Island shore, and the ferryboats were little delayed. All the Sound steamers had a rought night of it, but managed to get through without any serious damage.

The waves on Sandy Hook were reported to be unusually high, and the thunder of the breaking ocean on the sandy beach could be heard for miles. At daylight in the morning six tugs were struggling up the Bay and had hard work to get by Governor's Island with their tows.

More damage was done on land than on sea by the high winds, and trees and fragile buildings were blown down. Up to noon the streets of New York City, Brooklyn, Jersey City and the neighboring towns were swept by the winds and washed by the rain which fell.

In New York, awnings, shutters, signs, window gardens, and all sorts of movable things were torn from their fastenings and thrown to the street. Trees were uprooted, shrubbery flattened, telegraph poles wrenched out of the ground, and wires broken and twisted.

SLAIN BY DRUNKARDS.

Two Persons Shot to Death and Three Seriously Wounded.

As a result of a drunken riot at Maltby, Penn., one person was instantly killed, two were fatally wounded and two others seriously injured.

The killed and injured are: George Sivoski, aged seventeen years, head blown to pieces; Lizzie Fosky, aged fifteen years, fatally shot in the back and abdomen; John Jenkins, aged twenty-eight years, fatally shot in the abdomen and left hand blown off; Maggie Moore, aged fourteen years, shot in the arm and both legs; Thomas Moore, aged twenty-three years, shot in both legs, left knee shattered.

Michael Paloski became intoxicated, and, going to the saloon of John Moore, started a quarrel. He was ordered from the saloon, and, becoming enraged, went home and procured a shotgun. On his way back to the saloon he encountered Dan Ryan, who was sitting on his porch together with Lizzie Fosky and Maggie Moore. Ryan advised Paloski to go home, but the latter raised his gun and fired. The two girls received most of the shot.

John Moore, who had been attracted by the shooting, picked up his sister and Ryan gathered up the Fosky girl in his arms. The drunken fiend emptied the contents of the second barrel into the girls, Moore receiving part of the load in his knee. The shooting attracted a large crowd, and Paloski was joined by two of his countrymen, who were also supplied with guns.

John Jenkins attempted to arrest Paloski, when he received a load of shot in his stomach. The three men escaped into their boarding-house and barricaded the door.

People living on the opposite side of the street had their heads out of the windows. One of these was George Sivoski. One of the men, seeing the head of the boy, took deliberate aim and fired, the full charge striking the unfortunate boy on the left side of the head, tearing half of his head and face away. The boy fell dead.

PUNISHING A COWARD.

An Ohio National Guardsman Who Evaded Service.

The penalty of cowardice is being visited at Columbus upon Private Dearth, a member of Company C, Fourteenth Regiment, Ohio National Guard, in a peculiar manner.

When the regiment was ordered by Governor McKinley into active service in Belmont County to quell the riotous miners in June last, Dearth hastily left the city and successfully eluded the commanding officers. There was apparently no excuse for the man's absence except fear of performing active service. He was summoned to appear before a court-martial and stood trial for desertion. The court found Dearth guilty, and he was dishonorably discharged from the service and sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment.

The authorities, not wishing to send the man to jail, erected a pen six by nine feet in the centre of the armory building, and Dearth is now serving his time under the eye of a guard. He is not allowed to leave the little coop even for exercise, and his presence in the improvised prison serves as a warning to others who regard lightly their obligations as soldiers when entering the service of the State.

FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH.

A Prisoner Respited When About to Be Executed.

Silas Lewis, one of the Wilburton Choctaw political prisoners, was to have been shot to death at Tuska Homma, Indian Territory, the day and hour being set for his execution.

All arrangements were perfected. The prisoner, heavily manacled, with arms folded, had taken his seat on the death-box, and the two guards stood ready, with rifles placed to their shoulders, to send the missiles of death into the prisioner's breast, when a courier rode up, his horse foaming, and at a distance of 100 yards hailed the Captain of the guard and ordered him to stop proceedings. He conveyed an order from Judge Holson respiting Lewis for thirty days, according to instructions of the Interior Department.

Had the rider been one minute later, his order would have been useless. This is the fourth respite Lewis has had.

LATER NEWS.

MAYNARD FLEET, aged forty-two, of Centreport, N. Y., while out rowing with an Italian at Fort Eaton, was drowned through the boat capsizing. The Italian also lost his life.

GASOLINE exploded in the small tent show of a man named Lind in White Plains, N. Y., and Edna Hurbert, one of the company, was burned to death.

ROBERT MARQUIS, aged seventy, of Kokomo, Ind., a helpless paralytic, had his little grandson hand him a saucer, which contained arsenic, and hold it to his lips. Marquis died in a few moments.

JUDGE MCCOMAS, of the District of Columbia Supreme Court, denied the application of Miles Sugar Company, of Louisiana, for a mandamus to compel Secretary Carlisle to appoint inspectors to ascertain the sugar production of the company.

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY HERBERT issued an order charging the Bureau of Construction and Repairs with responsibility for the stability of war ships.

CHINA is now suing for peace, and she offers to pay a large war indemnity, as well as to recognize the national independence of Korea.

THE Czarewitch and two Grand Dukes are to be made a Council of Regency for Russia in the absence of the Czar.

NEARLY all the members of the Cabinet attended the ceremonies dedicatory of the old Holland Purchase Land Office at Batavia, N. Y., to the memory of Robert Morris, the revolutionary financier. Secretary Carlisle and Secretary Gresham delivered the addresses of the occasion.

BY a vote of 885 to 75 the weavers of Fall River, Mass., decided not to return to their looms. By a vote of 290 to 194 the carders decided to resume work under protest.

THREE inches of snow fell in the Pennsylvania Alleghenies. Snow fell also in Chenango County and in the Adirondacks in New York.

AMBASSADOR THOMAS F. BAYARD arrived at New York from England on a short vacation.

THOMAS B. REED was the chief speaker at the Republican ratification meeting in Cooper Union, New York City. His speech was devoted exclusively to National issues.

A SAILBOAT disaster which caused the loss of three lives occurred off the western end of Coney Island, New York. The sailing party consisted of Walter Booth, Frank McIntyre, James Ford and Frank Britton, all young men living at that place. Only Booth was saved.

AN appointee of Mrs. Lease, the Kansas Populist, made oath that she asked him to rob the State for his and her benefit, and told him the State paid for her World's Fair trip.

A DUEL to death occurred between an old man named Stipling and his son, living ten miles south of Waco, Texas. The father was shot and mortally wounded and the son's skull crushed.

SARAH ROBINSON, wife of a convicted burglar, confessed, in Cleveland, Ohio, to the killing of Montgomery Gibbs, a Buffalo lawyer.

SECRETARY CARLISLE decided that Levi P. Morton's under coachman, John James Howard, will have to be deported as an alien contract laborer.

THE annual report of Commodore E. O. Matthews upon the naval yards and docks estimates the expenditures for the next fiscal year at $1,861,295. The leading feature of the report is the suggestion by the chief of the urgent need for at least four new dry docks, to be located at League Island, Penn.; Boston, Norfolk and Mare Island, Cal.

PREFECT HERRERA, of Peru, has routed the guerillas under Carlos Pierola at Huarez, killing ninety, wounding forty others and capturing arms and baggage.

THE French ship Alice was sunk in the River Scheldt by coming in collision with the Swedish ship Balder. Six of the Alice's crew were drowned.

RUSSIAN troops, equipped for a campaign, are accumulating rapidly on China's border.

BELGIUM held her first Parliamentary election with universal suffrage.

GERMANY rejected England's proposal to join the Powers in intervention in the war between China and Japan.

A MOUNTAINEER LYNCHED.

He Killed a Kentucky Sheriff at the Fair Grounds.

Oscar Morton, the young mountain desperado who murdered Sheriff William Sims, of Lee County, at the Beattyville (Ky.) fair grounds, was taken out of the Beattyville jail by a mob of nearly two hundred men and hanged from a bridge that spans Muddy Creek at Beattyville. He killed a man in Breathitt County several months ago, and while trying to get into the fair grounds at Beattyville without a ticket was remonstrated with by Sheriff Sims. He drew a revolver from each pocket and began shooting. He hit the Sheriff three times, one bullet going through the heart.

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

Survival of a Woman Who Leaped From a 100-Foot Bluff.

Mrs. Rollie Rather, a well-known lady of Chattanooga, Tenn., daughter of Captain I. P. Wells, a prominent citizen, while suffering from temporary mental aberration, jumped from a bluff near the residence into the river, a distance of 100 feet. Fortunately a raftsman was near by and went to her rescue before she was drowned, and carried her out. When recovered the unfortunate lady was unconscious, but strange to say, that she soon recovered her reason and is now resting easy, and will probably recover, notwithstanding her frightful leap.

SCHOFIELD'S REPORT.

The Major-General Commanding Warns Us of China's Misfortunes.

The annual report of the Major-General commanding the army—the last one, probably, that General J. M. Schofield will be called upon to write before retirement—has just been issued. General Schofield has taken for his text the reports made to him by department commanders describing the efforts necessary to put down domestic disturbances throughout the country, and particularly in Chicago. These disturbances severely tested the efficiency of the army, but, while the latter responded nobly to the test, it was clearly demonstrated that a more severe outbreak would have been beyond the control of the very small organization. He pleads earnestly for an increase of two additional regiments of cavalry to patrol the long lines of railroad under Government protection, two additional regiments of artillery for seacoast defense and the conversion of the present twenty-five infantry regiments into three-battalion organizations. He dwells particularly upon the necessity of empowering the President to substantially increase the regular army footing without waiting for delaying legislation. He warns us also of the possibility of invasion by a foreign country, and would have us take warning by China's recent humiliation at the hands of little Japan. It is not, says he, because the Chinese are lacking in talent or general education or military courage, but because they have failed to develop their military strength and resources. On more than one occasion the military and militia have been opposed by infuriated mobs twice as great in numbers as the most formidable combination of Indian warriors that the army has ever been called upon heretofore to meet. The success of the troops so far was due to the recent redistribution, which permitted of readier concentration in the big cities.

General Schofield considers that the time has now come when the people of the United States should dismiss the overconfidence born of past experience and provide fortifications for the extended sea coasts of the country, where the interests of the United States must be defended and protected if this country is to continue to be a first class nation. Armies, although well disciplined, well instructed and perfectly armed, cannot defend the sea coast against modern ships of war. Suitable fortifications with effective high power armament are the only possible means of such defence. Hence no time should be lost in prosecuting the system of fortifications and armament heretofore inaugurated, until all the great seaports of the country are placed in a satisfactory condition for effective defence against any possible attack. The most liberal appropriations for this purpose will be the wisest economy.

JAPANESE TAKE WI-JU.

Chinese Defenders Driven Across the Yaloo River.

A dispatch to the Central News from Tokio says that a detachment of Japanese cavalry and infantry attacked and routed a force of 2000 Chinese at Wi-Ju, and that the place remains in the hands of the Japanese.

The Central News correspondent in Wi-Ju gives further details of the battle. He says that the Japanese force had been greatly delayed in its advance by the badness of the roads. The heavy guns could be brought forward only slowly, and the troops were compelled often to wait for supplies. Pioneer troops had to be used repeatedly to make roads passable. When the main Japanese column reached Yung-Chon, a short distance south of Wi-Ju, there was no sign of the enemy. Four days later the scouts who had been sent out toward Wi-Ju reported that a small Chinese force still occupied the city. The strength of the enemy was estimated at about 2000. A strong body of infantry and cavalry, supported by light artillery, was thrown forward at once. The Chinese offered little resistance. They retired before the first attacking party and eventually broke and fled across the Yaloo. The Chinese loss was hardly more than 100 killed and wounded. The Japanese line of communication is now complete throughout Korea.

It is reported to the Japanese officials in Tokio that 10,000 Chinese troops occupy the north bank of the Yaloo River, where they have completed eight batteries and are building more.

A Commercial Cable despatch from Shanghai announces that the two Japanese students surrendered to the Chinese authorities by the American Consul in that city have been barbarously executed at Nankin.

KILLED IN AN EXPLOSION.

Twenty-seven Boilers Blow Up in a Pennsylvania Colliery.

Twenty-seven of a nest of thirty-six boilers of the Henry Clay Colliery, Shamokin, Penn., exploded about 7.30 a. m., completely destroying the boiler house, killing five men, seriously injuring two and slightly injuring four.

The dead are, William Boyle, fireman; Thomas Car, fireman; J. J. Dediam, water boss; William Elslick, fireman; William McLaughlin, laborer.

At the time of the accident there were, as far as known, seven men around the boiler house. Nobody seems to be able to give a correct statement as to the cause of the explosion.

Without a moment's warning the last boiler on the west side of the nest went up, and it was followed by the others in rapid succession. The workmen were knocked in every direction, and what had been but a few minutes before a strong corrugated iron building, disappeared as if by magic, and all that remained was a tumbling mass of bricks and timbers besides numerous pieces of twisted pipe and battered boiler iron.

The colliery is operated by the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company and is the best equipped plant of that company in the region. The pecuniary loss is $100,000. Sixteen hundred men and boys are thrown out of employment.

CONFESSED TO MURDERS.

George Van Taylor Cuts His Throat in Jail.

Stricken by remorse for having killed his chum, Gus Genesmere, George Van Taylor committed suicide in the village jail, Cheboygan, Mich., where he was held on the charge of murder, by cutting his throat.

He left a letter in which he confessed that he and an accomplice, whose name he did not give, murdered Genesmere, and also that he had committed twelve other murders. He robbed Genesmere of $511 and told where the money was hidden. Van Taylor was but twenty-two years old.

The Princess of Wales has the most beautiful set of furs extant, which she wears occasionally at State ceremonies.

Somebody's Good.

To make our own troubles the means of helping the troubles of others is a noble effort for good. A well illustrated instance of this kindly sympathy is shown in a letter from Mr. Enoch L. Hanscom, School Agent, Marshfield, Me., an old Union Soldier. He says: "It may do somebody some good to state, I am a man of 60 and when 40 had a bad knee and rheumatism set in. I was lame three years and very bad most of the time. I got St. Jacobs Oil and put it on three times and it made a cure. I am now in good health."

The Thames pours 40,000,000 cubic feet of water into the sea every hour.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

The wealth of the United States is estimated at $60,475,000,000.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

CHECK Colds and Bronchitis with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

Excelled by None

"For some years I have been a severe sufferer from Rheumatism. So much so that I could not attend to my business and was confined to the house for weeks at a time. I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and have constantly improved since I commenced to take the medicine. I am now well and strong again. Hood's Sarsaparilla is truly 'excelled by none.'" C. F. KING, Verona, N. J. Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Be Sure to get Hood's **Cures**

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

OBSERVE

the following symptoms resulting from Disease of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness of Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering of the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dizziness on rising suddenly, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of **RADWAY'S PILLS** will free the system of all the above named disorders.

Price **25 cts.** per box. Sold by all druggists.

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NEW YORK.

EPILEPTIC, PARALYTIC and NERVINE INSTITUTE,

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For the treatment of epilepsy, paralysis, brain and nervous diseases in all their forms. The only paralytic institute in the United States. Consultation free. Patients boarded, nursed and cared for. Office treatment if desired. Institute open daily. Send for circulars.

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The Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES

On this Continent, have received

SPECIAL AND HIGHEST AWARDS

on all their Goods at the

CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.

Their **BREAKFAST COCOA,** Which, unlike the Dutch Process, is made without the use of Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes, is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

PERISHED IN THE MINE.

GREATEST FIRE IN THE ANTHRACITE COAL REGION.

Seventy Men and Boys Face Death at Shamokin Because One of Them Disobeyed Orders—Six Saved in a Bucket—The Property Loss is $700,000.

The most disastrous mine fire in the history of the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania started at the Luke Fidler colliery, Shamokin, from the naked lamp of a workman. Five persons were killed. They were: Irwin Buffington, carpenter; George Brown, miner; Michael Buzofiskie, laborer; Anthony Cobert, driver boy; John Gierze, laborer.

Buffington, with a number of other carpenters, was at work half way down the shaft calking up holes in the side of brattice, which connects the shaft with the air passage. It is the rule, when doing this work, for the men to use lanterns, but in this case the rule was disregarded, and naked lamps were substituted.

Detecting a leak, Buffington placed his lamp to the draught, and the flame immediately caught the boards, which were saturated with oil, and was taken into the air chamber. Realizing the awful consequences of his act, the man at once started for the bottom of the shaft to notify the workmen employed there of their danger, his companions, in the meantime, rushing up the shaft to safety.

When Buffington had notified the workmen below he stopped to exchange his rubber boots for a pair of shoes, and the delay in doing this cost him his life. Buffington staggered to within thirty feet of the door of the passageway, which led to the open air, but here he was overcome by smoke and fell. His body was found next morning. The other bodies were in the mine.

Michael Golden, one of the inside officials, was at the bottom of the shaft when the alarm was given, and he at once notified the men working in No. 3 slope, while John Dunmore performed a like duty for those employed in No. 2 slope. Golden told the men of an opening by which it was possible to reach a new shaft, and leading the way for the seventy men employed in this portion of the mine Golden made for the passage, which was safely reached, although it was nearly filled with smoke.

The iron bucket used to hoist the men holds about six persons. This was quickly filled, and in response to the frantic signal given by those below the engineer began to hoist. Nearly ten trips had been made when it was discovered that a number were missing, among them David Edmonds and Harry Evans. They had succeeded in getting half way up the old shaft when the smoke forced them back. The traveling way to the east of the shaft was then tried with better success, although the smoke was very strong. When nearly half way to safety, Evans, who is but a boy, gave out, and to save his young comrade from a certain death, Edmunds picked him up and succeeded in reaching the open air.

Two miners, whose names could not be obtained, seeing that escape through the old shaft was impossible, and that their retreat in the direction of the new one was covered with smoke, groped their way back further and succeeded in reaching in safety an opening which came out on top of the mountain.

Several other men ran toward the Coal Run workings and made their escape in that direction. Among the last to escape from No. 3 slope was a Hungarian, who excitedly told the men at the bottom of the new shafting to be hoisted that there were three or four fellows overcome by the smoke while getting out of the workings, and that they were nearly dead.

Somebody suggested that a party be formed to go back and rescue them, but it was clearly seen that the course would be suicidal, so it was abandoned, and the sufferers were left to their fate.

When all who could do so had reached the surface and an enumeration had been made it was found that four workmen, in addition to Buffington, were missing.

When the report of the disaster reached Springfield and Shamokin men, women and children, who had relatives working at the mine, rushed to the scene and soon the air was filled with the lamentatians of those who sought their dear ones.

The fire had been scarcely started a minute before up through the air passages shot a sheet of flame twenty feet high. In three minutes the fan house was a mass of blackened cinders. The flames by this time were creating havoc with the workings below, and in addition to the timbers, which were nearly all on fire, the beds of anthracite were beginning to ignite, and the whole mine in the vicinity of the bottom of the shaft was soon a seething furnace.

The Shamokin Fire Department began pouring water into the mine within an hour after the fire started, but without any perceptible effect. Outside Foreman Francis Kohlbreaker, accompanied by a number of men, went inside to see if it was possible to get out the thirty mules, and it was not until Kohlbreaker and several of his companions had been overcome by the smoke that the plan was given up. All the animals are dead.

One thousand men employed at the Luke Fidler Colliery and another thousand were given employment at the Gimlet and Hickory Ridge colleries. These men will be idle for many months. The latest plan adopted by the officials to quench the fire is by pumping all available water into the mines, and thus drowning it out. This, however, will take months to accomplish, and it is safe to say that this valuable coal operation is practically ruined, entailing a loss of about $700,000.

CAUGHT BETWEEN TRAINS.

The Sad End of a Day's Outing in the Suburbs of Buffalo, N. Y.

A terrible accident, that now has three deaths to its score, occurred at Buffalo, N. Y. Miss Emily R. S. Wood and two daughters of John N. Scatcherd went for a drive along the Niagara boulevard.

The girls who went with Miss Wood were aged eleven and five years respectively. They drove up to the house of Mrs. John C. Glenny, on Calvin street, and returned along Parkside avenue to where it is crossed by the New York Central's belt line. The elder girl was driving, and Miss Wood was reading aloud from a newspaper.

Seeing the belt line passenger train approaching, the girl who was driving whipped the horse over ahead of it. A Central freight train going east escaped the notice of the occupants of the phaeton. The engine struck the carriage and threw it clear up on the pilot, breaking it to pieces. The younger child was instantly killed. The older died soon after she was taken to the house of Mrs. Glenny. Miss Wood was so seriously hurt that she died at 9 o'clock p. m.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

Eggs continue to be scarce.

There are 51,000 brewers in the world.

Chicago is said to have 207 millionaires.

The rice crop is short, though of good quality.

The drought in Eastern Connecticut is unbroken.

The business of the summer resorts was unusually good this season.

Recent scattered washouts on the Texas and Pacific aggregate ten miles.

In the football game with Andover, Gray, the Harvard full back, had one of his legs broken.

Krupp, the great iron founder, of Essen, Germany, is to supply Italy with 10,000,000 nickel coins.

There have been 1100 miles of new main track laid by eighty-three lines in thirty-one States and Territories.

The debt of the American Board of Foreign Missions increased within a year from $88,318 to $116,237.

It is reported that the whale catch this season has been very small, indeed, and that bone will be exceedingly high.

The National Farmers' Congress in West Virginia declared for free silver and against protection for wool and cotton.

Gilbert Price, seventeen years old, stole six horses in a night in Michigan while running away from a reform school.

Superintendent Byrnes told the Grand Jury that New York's police force should be increased at once by at least 1000.

"Babe" Hawkins, the notorious Indiana desperado, is to run as an independent candidate for Sheriff at Shelbyville.

A Chicago man was fined $5 apiece for killing six robins the other day, and another was fined $10 apiece for killing two.

Baltimore wants to make a loan of $4,000,000 to purchase parks, enlarge its water supply and build a new court house.

Great Britain will launch seven new battle-ships within the present fiscal year. They are to be built after the Majestic type.

England, France, Germany and Russia are said to have agreed to guard the treaty ports and protect missionaries in China.

Though cholera seems to hold its own in Europe, it is believed that the season is too far advanced to let it reach America this year.

Bradstreet's reports a continued increase in the prosperity of the country, which is somewhat delayed by the price of farm products.

The steamer City of Lowell broke the Sound record by running from New York to New London, Conn, in five hours and thirty-four minutes.

Canada's debt has been increased by $10,500,000 during the year, and Minister of Finance Foster has sailed for England to borrow more money.

Leading German sugar dealers think that a customs war between Germany and the United States may be caused by the sugar schedule of the new Tariff bill.

PENSION OFFICE REPORT.

Pensioners on the Rolls—New Claims Falling Off.

The report of the Commissioner of Pensions for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1894, has been forwarded to the Secretary of the Interior. It says that the number of pensioners on the rolls June 30, 1893, was 966,012; that during the year 39,085 new pensioners were added to the rolls, and 2393 previously dropped were restored, while 37,951 have been dropped for death and other causes, and on June, 30, 1894, the number of pensioners upon the rolls was 969,544. The number of pension certificates issued during the year was 80,213, and 132,873 claims of all classes were rejected.

On July 1, 1894, there were undisposed of and in different stages of preparation and advancement claims for pension and for increase to the amount of 619,027, of which 287,209 claims—originals, widows, and dependents—are on behalf of persons not already on the rolls. These claims, save some recently filed, have been examined more than once and found lacking in essential evidence. They are the lame cases that have come down through the past years. New claims of all kinds have fallen off from 363,799 in 1891 to 40,148 in 1894, the fact being that original claims for pensions under existing laws are substantially all in, and the bulk of new claims are for increase, or for widows and dependents.

The amount paid for pensions during the year was $139,804,461.05, leaving a balance in the Treasury of $25,205,712.65 of the appropriation. Much dishonesty and fraud, mainly attributable to unscrupulous claim agents, was uncovered, and there were 194 convictions in the United States Courts within the year for pension frauds, perjuries, and forgeries.

TURNED A SOMERSAULT.

Singular Effect of a Locomotive Boiler Explosion.

One of the most remarkable accidents in the history of steam railroading has just occurred at Glen Ridge (N. J.) station, on the Bloomfield branch of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. It is a rare thing for a locomotive boiler to explode, but in this case not only did the boiler of a passenger train engine burst, but it did in such a way that the great locomotive, weighing 97,000 pounds, was tossed into the air clear of the ground and turned over end on end. The engineer, Charles Boland, and the fireman, Elmer Cummings, were both seriously injured, and the latter died about midnight.

CHINESE REBELS IN ARMS.

They Take a Garrison Demanded for the Empire's Defense.

A dispatch from Shanghai, China, confirms the report that rebellion has broken out 100 miles from Hunkow. The rebels are fairly armed and very reckless. They attacked the Government buildings, which were feebly defended by loyal troops. The latter were soon defeated, and many of them were killed. Many others joined the rebels. Two mandarins were killed.

The province is almost denuded of troops, and the rebels are daily gaining strength.

Rich discoveries of gold are being made in Arizona. The increasing value of the yellow metal makes it well worth hunting for, and when carefully and skillfully looked after in such countries as Arizona and California it can be found in paying quantities.

Revival of Archery.

There seems to be a revival in England of archery, the contrast between the hurried movements and unbecoming glow of the feminine lawn tennis player on one side and the graceful and stately calm of the fair archer on the other being altogether to the advantage of the latter. It is a graceful diversion, and one at which Queen Victoria excelled thirty or forty years ago, when archery was one of her favorite pastimes. To this day she holds the office of dean of the most ancient guild of archers in the United Kingdom, and, like the Emperor of Austria and the Czar of Russia, has a body guard of archers. It constitutes part and parcel of the Scottish portion of Her Majesty's household, and only appears at state functions at which the Queen may be present north of the Tweed. Its Captain General, who occasionally wears the green and gold uniform of the corps, is the Marquis of Lothian.—New York Advertiser.

A Private's Invention.

To a private, Joseph Kahn, of one of the artillery companies stationed at Fort McHenry, the department is indebted for the design of a new implement which may prove serviceable in campaigning. It is a combination of shovel and pick ax, not more than a foot in length, which may be carried at the belt, and used in digging intrenchments. By its use the soldiers might, if hard pressed, hurriedly dig up earthworks or intrenchments for their own shelter.—Washington Star.

ASSIST NATURE a little now and then in removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels and you thereby avoid a multitude of distressing derangements and diseases, and will have less frequent need of your doctor's service.

Of all known agents for this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best. **Once used, they are always in favor.** Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and regular, not to further constipate, as is the case with other pills. Hence, their great popularity with sufferers from habitual constipation, piles and their attendant discomfort and manifold derangements. The "Pellets" are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. No care is required while using them; they do not interfere with the diet, habits or occupation, and produce no pain, griping or shock to the system. They act in a mild, easy and *natural* way and there is no reaction afterward. Their help *lasts*.

The Pellets cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heartburn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. In proof of their superior excellence, it can be truthfully said, that they are always adopted as a household remedy after the first trial. Put up in sealed, glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. One little "Pellet" is a laxative, two are mildy cathartic. As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, or to relieve distress from overeating, take one after dinner. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules; any child will readily take them.

Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be *better for the dealer*, because of paying him a better profit, but *he* is not the one who *needs* help.

ENGINES AND BOILERS

For all purposes requiring power. Automatic, Corliss & Compound Engines. Horizontal & Vertical Boilers. Complete Steam Plants.

B. W. PAYNE & SONS,
Elmira N. Y.
N. Y. Office, 41 Dey St.

HALMS Anti-Rheumatic Anti-Catarrhal **Chewing Gum**

Cures and Prevents Rheumatism, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Catarrh and Asthma. Useful in Malaria and Fevers. Cleanses the Teeth and Promotes the Appetite. Sweetens the Breath, Cures the Tobacco Habit. Endorsed by the Medical Faculty. Send for 10, 15 or 25 cent package. *Silver, Stamps or Postal Note.* GEO. R. HALM, 140 West 29th St., New York.

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Officially reported, after elaborate competitive tests made under authority of Congress by the Chief Chemist of the United States Agricultural Department, *Superior to all other Baking Powders in Leavening Strength.*

The most Careful Housewife will use no other.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Is the Moon Peopled?

The popular impression is that the moon is a burnt-out world—a sort of cinder planet glistening in the heavens—but astronomers are by no means persuaded that such is the case, and some among them are hopeful that the question as to whether it is or is not inhabited will shortly be determined. This hope is based upon the fact that the great fifty-inch telescope which is being constructed in the Brashear establishment in Pittsburg, under the superintendence of Professor Keller, of Allegheny Observatory, will shortly be ready for use. The tube of this giant instrument will be fully seventy feet in length, and for its operation will require a dome more than sixty feet in diameter.

Professor Keller has declared that he sees "no reason why the question as to the habitation of the moon should not be finally settled when this wonderful instrument is erected." Professor Plympton, of Cooper Institute, is equally sanguine that the decisive results so long looked for are destined to be shortly realized. Such hopes will doubtless seem extravagant to many; but when it is remembered that the Lick telescope, which has done so much for science, is but thirty inches in diameter, and that the new glass will be twenty inches larger, it is easy to see that the great expectations of the astronomers are not without a reasonable basis. In any case, it is fairly certain that the fifty-inch telescope will add vastly to our knowledge of the firmament; and the news of its completion will therefore be be awaited with the widest popular interest.—Philadelphia Record.

The London city mission employs 483 missionaries and its receipts for the last year were $340,000.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(Vegetable)

What They Are For

Biliousness	indigestion	sallow skin
dyspepsia	bad taste in the mouth	pimples
sick headache	foul breath	torpid liver
bilious headache	loss of appetite	depression of spirits

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book.

Write to B. F. Allen Company, 365 Canal street, New York, for the little book on Constipation (its causes consequences and correction); sent free. If you are not within reach of a druggist, the pills will be sent by mail, 25 cents.

EASTMAN COLLEGE POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., offers both sexes the best educational advantages at the lowest cost. Thorough instruction in ARITHMETIC and other ENGLISH BRANCHES, BOOKKEEPING, BANKING, CORRESPONDENCE, COMMERCIAL LAW, etc.; PENMANSHIP, STENOGRAPHY, TYPEWRITING, etc. A live, practical school, teaching young people to earn a living and carefully fitting them for honorable employment. *Gold Medal and Diploma awarded at World's Fair, 1893, for best course of study and plan of operation.* Business houses supplied with satisfactory assistants. Situations furnished competent students. For catalogue, address CLEMENT C. GAINES, President, 30 Washington Street, Poughkeepsie, New York. . . . **EASTMAN COLLEGE**

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SAPOLIO

They Used to Say "Woman's Work is Never Done."

NYNU—42

For Twenty Years

Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by physicians of the whole world. There is no secret about its ingredients. Physicians prescribe

Scott's Emulsion

because they know what great nourishing and curative properties it contains. They know it is what it is represented to be; namely, a perfect emulsion of the best Norway Cod-liver Oil with the hypophosphites of lime and soda.

For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Scrofula, Anæmia, Weak Babies, Thin Children, Rickets, Marasmus, Loss of Flesh, General Debility, and all conditions of Wasting.

The only genuine Scott's Emulsion is put in *salmon-colored wrapper.* Refuse inferior substitutes!

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and $1.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES.
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

The Mapleton Item

I. N. SWOPE, - - Editor & Proprietor.

THE ITEM" WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AT THE FOLOWING RATES IN ADVANCE:

ONE YEAR,.....$1.00
SIX MONTHS,.....50
THREE MONTHS,.....25

Entered at the Post Office at Mapleton Depot, Pa. as second-class matter.

MOUNT UNION.

The first snow of the season was visible on Sunday afternoon.

Geo. P. Wakefield, of Pittsburg, formerly of this place, is visiting in town.

J. E. Gillam has put up a neat picket fence around his property on Market street.

Chas. L. Bice, liveryman of Lewistown, spent Sunday in town, the guest of friends.

Graham Walker and Frank Pincin, of Altoona, spent some time in town among friends lately.

I. C. Caldwell is preparing to put new roofs on the livery stables connected with the American House.

Mrs. R. A. DeFrehn was one of the county delegates to the state W. C. T. U. convention held in Philadelphia last week.

J. M. Johnston, of this place, returned on Thursday from Bellefonte, where he attended the funeral of Ex-Governor A. G. Curtin.

Foreman Geo. L. Fields has a curiosity in his garden in the shape of a plum tree in full bloom. This is quite a novelty this time of the year.

Hon. John G. Love, of Bellefonte, Republican candidate for the presiding judgeship of this district, was in town interviewing our people on Friday.

Three Italian musicians, with two violins and a harp, rendered some fine selections to an appreciative audience in Schmittle's hall on Thursday evening last.

James Cassidy, of Altoona, formerly of this place, and Miss Etta Kauffman, of the same place, were married at the bride's home in Altoona on Tuesday evening, Oct. 16.

A large number of our hunters, both old and young, journeyed to the woods on Monday morning to shoot turkeys. Some came home in the evening with a turkey and many others with a pair of awfully tired limbs.

The horse attached to Dr. George C. Borst's conveyance became unmanagable while driving up Jefferson street from the station on Saturday and but for the presence of mind of the doctor, there might have been a run-off.

Misses Cora and Annie Fields, of this place, are visiting in Altoona; the former is one of the delegates from local chapter 6997, to the district conference convention of the Epworth League which convened at Altoona yesterday.

H. Clay Marshall, of Media, stopped in town a few hours on Saturday last and greeted quite a number of his friends. Mr. Marshall was a deputy collector of customs at the port of Philadelphia during Harrison's administration.

Mrs. Effie B. Sardou, of Washington, D. C., with her mother, Mrs. George L. Albert, and Miss Lottie Albert, arrived in town last week, the former on a visit and the latter are returning home after spending the tummer with friends in Washington and Maryland.

The speakers at the Republican mass meeting held at Orbisonia on Wednesday evening last which included Hon. Morriott Brosius, of Lancaster, Hon. John G. Love, of Bellefonte, Hon. P. M. Lytle, Ex-Senator W. M. Williamson and County Chairman H. E. Butz, with Dr. H. C. Chisholm and President W. W. Chisholm, of the Huntingdon County Republican Club, held quite an impromptu reception at the depot while waiting for the train to complete their journey. Mount Union's good Republicans, with the band as escort, helped to swell the enthusiasm of the meeting, which was largely attended by all the voters in the lower end of the county.

TROUGH CREEK.

Plenty of autumn showers of late.

G. W. Hazzard, of Altoona, is on his annual hunting excursion in the valley.

Corn husking has commenced in good earnest. The crop will be an average one.

M. R. Brenneman has purchased a farm near Huntingdon and will likely go into raising truck.

C. M. Myerley and family, of Shaver's Creek, are visiting in the valley. They have many friends hereaways.

Rev. Kauffman preached a good sermon to a good sized and attentive audience on Sunday last at Pine Grove.

Barton Greenland and daughter, Laura, return from a three weeks' tour attending meetings of the church of their choice.

The old school Baptists will hold a three days' meeting at their church in this valley, commencing on the 26th of the present month.

I see a broken down culvert on our road that is filled up with pieces of broken rails and plank. It would be better travelling if some of the open breakers were treated to a dose of the same kind of medicine.

Rather cool weather for digging potatoes, yet there are some to dig. The general report of the potato crop in this valley is they are a good size but not so many of them. It is generally conceded that the crop will be an average one.

Since our last, four dogs attacked Messrs. Crotsley's sheep, killing three out right and injuring two more that they died. One of the dogs, when last saw, was only using two of his legs in travelling. It is to be hoped that he will quit the business.

S. T. Smith last week finished threshing Messrs. Crotsley's winter grain. As far as we know this is the last out door work for his engine for this season and he will now put the iron horse in his winter quarters, where he will be expected to furnish power for his chopping mill.

I am glad to learn that the Buena Vista mill is being well patronized, it only having stood two days since the new firm took possession of it. Over 30 bushels of wheat was taken in for flour one day last week. If this continues the people of this valley can count on better health and less doctor bills. An old saying is better go to mill twice than once for the doctor.

CASSVILLE.

H. M. Corbin put a new roof on his boot and shoe store.

D. C. Wilson is building an addition to his dwelling house.

Howard Snyder, who is engaged in the lumber business down sounth, is visiting his parents here.

We are sorry to note the serious illness of Rev. R. H. Stine, our efficient pastor of the M. E. church.

Wesley and James Wright, of Calvin, were visible on our streets last week, also T. R. Henderson, of Saltillo.

The Cassville water company have placed an order for new galvanized iron pipe, which will be put down as soon as it arrives.

County treasurer G. M. Green is improving his dwelling house and other property by remodeling and painting and has also put a set of rolls in his mill.

We are informed that a "gold mine" has been found on Jack's mountain. Samples of the ore, examined by experts, say it is genuine. "Hope it may be true."

Quite a number from our town and vicinity are attending the Epworth League convention in Altoona. The delegates from here are Rev. Kauffman and Mrs. John Heaton.

Russell Hyssong and Miss Della Wright, who were married in Huntingdon last week, were given an old time serenading on their return to Cassville. We wish them much happiness.

Isaiah Bumgardner met with an accident while digging a well for Jesse Curfman on the old hotel property. A piece of brick lay close to the edge and by some means fell into the well, striking him on the back part of the head, which cut a gash 2 inches long. At this writing he is able to go on with his work.

Patrons and scholars seem to be pleased with our teacher, J. O. Smith. Let every parent see to it, that his children attend regularly. We see some few boys who have not started to school. This should not be. The great men and women of today are not of those who stayed away from school, neither will those of the future be of them who refuse to go to school.

MILL CREEK.

Charles Goodman circulated among friends in Waterstreet last week.

Two of our leading hunters brought in four fine turkeys the first day.

Rev. Teasdale will preach in the Baptist church next Sabbath at 11 P. M.

Miss Lizzie Brumbaugh is still suffering from an attack of typhoid fever. She is better at this writing.

W. D. Colebine and wife spent Sunday in Three Springs with the latter's brother, P. H. Bence, who is quite ill.

"Grandma" Wilson and daughter, Mrs. A. P. Wilson, visited relatives in Bellwood and Altoona last Saturday and Sunday.

The Clover Club, of Mount Union, will give an entertainment in the M. E. church on Thursday evening. Admission, 10 and 15 cents.

J. S. Etnier is making considerable improvement on the rear part of his property. Thos. Gates is improving his premises also by erecting a new barn.

J. Frank Wright: Some of the older readers of the ITEM would like to know whe the three remaining members of Co. F. 2nd Reg., Penna. Reserves are. Will you kindly inform them?

Some of our urchins, while out walking last Sabbath, saw second section of day express strike and throw a calf as high as the telegraph poles. They were rather close and were somewhat frightened.

Since we have been reading the ITEM there has never been a time when our town was so long without a correspondent as at present. We have looked anxiously each week for something in its columns but in vain. Hence our contribution.

CALVIN.

Mrs. Amos Smith is visiting in Orbisonia.

Mrs. David Roland and Mrs. Clara Johnston visited in Hare's valley last week.

Rev. Sparks will preach in Otterbein church next Sunday morning at 10.30 o'clcock.

Uuncle George Mierley is much improved at this time, also Mrs. S. N. Bumgardner.

J. Bumgardner and J. C. Pheasant erected very neat out buildings at the school house.

Miss Ettie Pheasant, one of Huntingdon's school marms, was a visitor at the old home the latter part of last week.

Calvin school claims the honor of turning out more teachers in the last 10 years than any other school in the valley.

Dr. Hamilton amputated the extra thumb on the left hand of William Stinson's baby. The little patient is getting along very nicely.

Corn husking is in order and there are some very good crops. Several of our farmers claim the 100 bushel mark per acre.

The ladies' aid society elected new officers last week and transacted other official business, also made arrangements to have an oyster and ice cream supper on Thanksgiving night.

Visitors: John Myerley and wife, of Huntingdon, Milton Myerley and family, of Shaver's Creek, William Megahan and son George, of McConnellstown, Isaiah Oakman, of West Huntingdon.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Wi drive malaria from the system and will prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers. For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters—entire satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price 50c and $1.00 at B. O'Connor & Sons'.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Union township, on or about May 30, 1894, a heifer rising three years old, with blue sides, white streak on back and a notch in right ear.

Owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away; otherwise she will be disposed of according to law. JACOB QUERRY.

Union Twp., Oct. 8, 1894.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans Court of Huntingdon county to make distribution of the balance in the hands of D. Locke, trustee to sell the real estate of Benj. Sollers, late of Springfield township, said county, deceased under proceedings in partition, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office, No. 327 Penn street, Huntingdon, Pa., on Saturday, the 27th day of October, A. D., 1894, at one o'clock in the afternoon, when and where all persons having claims upon said fund must present them or forever be debarred from participating in said fund.

Oct. 1, '94. JAS. S. WOODS, Auditor.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.—

(Estate of Andrew and Mary Parsons, decd'.)

The undersigned, trustee appointed by the Orphans' Court of the county of Huntingdon, to sell the real estate of Andrew and Mary Parsons, both late of Shirley township, deceased, under proceedings in partition, will on

Friday, October 26, 1894,

at one o'clock in the afternoon, expose the following described real estate to public sale, on the premises in Shirley township, county of Huntingdon, Penna., viz:

All that certain TRACT OF LAND situate in the township of Shirley, Huntingdon county, Pa., bounded by lands of Joseph Parsons, Thomas Vaughn and others, containing 68 ACRES, 18 PERCHES, more or less.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-third of purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, one-third in one year, one-sixth in two years thereafter, with interest, and one sixth at the death of Rebecca Parsons, interest thereon to be paid to her annually during her lifetime.

MARTIN A. PARSONS, Trustee,
McVeytown, Pa.

W. H. & J. S. WOODS, Attorneys,
Huntingdon, Pa.

Don't Fail to Go and See
The Greatest Wonder of the Nineteenth Century,

—THE GREAT—

BROOKLYN BRIDGE,

exhibition in the Show Windows at the store of

THOS. S. JOHNSTON, Agt.,

7th and Washington Sts.

The Bridge

is built out of **9,763** cakes of Toilet Soap, and is the finest display ever attempted in Central Pennsylvania, manufactured by the Cincinnati Soap Co., and is of excellent quality, having the same ingredients as the finest 15 and 25c-cent Soaps, and for the purpose of thoroughly introducing it we offer it for a limited time only,

2 Cakes for 5 Cents.

After you have admired the Grand Display, don't forget the attions inside the store. An opportunity seldom offered to grasp the unprecedented Bargains now being offered in

Seasonable Dress Goods, White Goods, Laces, Corsets, Embroideries, Hosiery, &c.

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

An immense stock, of excellent quality and correct styles, at prices to suit everybody.

50 doz Men's Working Shirts worth 50 cts.
25 " " Over Shirts " 50 " } for **39** cents each.
38 " " Overalls " 50 "
23 " " Working Pants for 99 cents per pair.
Men's Cotton Socks, 3, 4 and 5 pairs for 25 cents.
3,700 yards dark and light Challies at 4 cents per yard.
4,300 yards Shirting Prints, at 4 " " "
2,900 yards best Apron Ginghams, at 5 " " "
3,700 yards Navy Blue Calicoes at 5 " " "

Our yard-wide Bleached Muslin at 6 cents and Unbleached at 5 cens per yard, are impressible.

Table Linens, Draperies, Chenille Curtains, Porteries, Table Covers, White Counterpains, &c., at prices that will be a surprise.

Our Motto: We Strive to Please. Quick Sales and Small Profits for Cash or Produce.

☞GRAIN, SEEDS and PRODUCE of all kinds taken in exchange for goods.

Respectfully Yours,

NEW GOODS ARRIVING DAILY. | Thos. S. Johnston, Agt.,

HUNTINGDON, PA.

OPERA HOUSE SHOE STORE.

Latest Styles and Best Fitting

That can be had from first class Factories.

Our motto, as heretofore, shall

Be to give our patrons the BEST GOODS

Possible for the LEAST MONEY.

We shall be pleased to haue

You examine styles and prices,

Whether you purchase or not.

Respectfully,

D. S. LYNN & CO.,

Huntingdon, - - - Penna.

HUNTINGDON PLANING MILL,

FRITCHEY BROS., Proprietors.

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

Sash, Doors, Shutters, Blinds, Frames, Flooring,

SIDING, SAWED AND TURNED BALUSTERS, MOULDING,

Porticos, Hardwood Finish, Scroll and Turned Work, and dealers in Bill and Frame Lumber, Southern Yellow Pine and Yellow Poplar, Western White Pine, Shingles, Lath, Pickets, Fencing, etc., in fact everything pertaining to a first-class Mill and Lumber Yard.

WANTED Energetic men to sell our choice and complete line of Nursery stock and seed potatoes. Highest salary and commission paid weekly, paying and permanent position guaranteed and success assured to good men. Special inducements to beginners, experience not necessary. Exclusive territory and your own choice of same given. Do not Delay.

ALLEN NURSERY CO.,
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$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's **NEW** and **SOLID.** Full particulars **FREE.** Address at once, **E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.**

The Mapleton Item.

Mapleton Depot, Pa., Oct. 17, 1894

LOCAL NOTES.

—Reunion of Scott's Artillery at Mapleton Thursday of next week.

—J. B. Montgomery spent a portion of last week among friends in Franklin county.

—R. D. Kinkead and wife spent a portion of the past week among friends in Mapleton.

—G. A. Wise and Ellsworth Swanger. of Altoona, were visitors to Mapleton last week.

—Mrs. James Montgomery spent a couple days of last week with friends in Huntingdon.

—Lewistown Lodge, No. 97, I. O. O. F., will celebrate its 50th anniversary next Wednesday.

—Mrs. J. F. Miller and daughter, Cora, visited friends in Huntingdon a few days of the past week.

—Mrs. R. C. Yocum and children left last week on an extended visit to friends in Cumberland county.

—LOST.—A valuable watch charm. Finder will be suitably rewarded by returning same to this office.

—H. L. Robley and child, of Altoona, spent a day or two of the past week among friends in this vicinity.

—James W. Henderson, of Tyrone, is spending a few days of this week with parents and friends in Mapleton.

—Rev. F. W. Curry, L. F. Baker and C. H. Hooper left yesterday to attend the Epworth League convention at Altoona.

—John Dougherty, wife and child, of Altoona, visited at the residence of Mrs. Dougherty's parents in this place over Sunday.

—The officers of the Pennsylvania railroad passed west over the middle division on Monday on their annual tour of inspection.

—Hon. John G. Love, Republican nominee for president judge, interviewed a few of the Republicans of this borough last Friday.

—Fast Line, west, was detained about fifteen minutes at this station Sunday evening on account of a hot journal on one of the Pullman cars.

—B. O'Connor and wife were summoned to Parish, N. Y., last Thursday to atted the funeral of Melzar Thayer, a brother of Mrs. O'Connor.

—The Mount Union *Times* has entered upon its 22nd volume under very favorable circumstances. The ITEM wishes it continued prosperity.

—Rev. S. D. Wilson and family, of Austin, Pa., are visiting among friends in this vicinity. Rev. Wilson will preach in the M. E. church next Sunday morning.

—Monday was the first day of the turkey season. A. B. Miller succeeded in killing two on that day and we are informed that David Simpson, of Mill Creek, killed three the same day.

—William Baker and John Kerlin and wife, of Clear Ridge, Fulton county, spent a portion of last week among friends in Mapleton. Mrs. B. F. Baker accompanied them on their return home Monday.

—Dr. Edward Houghton Greene, of Mill Creek, this county, has been appointed demonstrator in operative surgery in Jefferson Medical college, Philadelphia, in addition to that of assistant surgeon.

—W. W. Wright and family, of Kipple arrived in Mapleton Monday evening and will remain a week among friends in this vicinity. Both Mr. and Mrs. Wright have been on the sick list for some time past.

—The reunion of the 110th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers will be held at Tyrone Friday and Saturday of this week. The members from this county are requested to go to Tyrone on way passenger next Friday.

—The agent at this station this morning received a manifest for a car load of the iron for the new bridge. This seems to indicate that we will get a bridge yet before the year ends. This car load will probably arrive to-day or to-morrow.

—M. E. church services for next Sabbath: Sabbath school, 9.30 A. M.; preaching services, 10.30 A. M., sermon by Rev. S. D. Wilson, followed by sacrament of the Lord's Supper; Junior League, 3.30 P. M.; Senior League, 6.00 P. M.

—FOR RENT.—The store room in Mapleton known as Rex's "old reliable" stand. Best location in the town and an excellent opening for the proper party. For further particulars call on or address, W. H. Rex, Mapleton Depot, Pa.

—G. W. Fisher, Thos. Couch, Cloyd Rhodes and Charles Swivel constiuted a Huntingdon nutting party that roamed the woods south of town on Monday. They were mistaken for a company of "dagoes" when boarding Altoona accommodation with their well-filled bags.

—On Tuesday, October 9th, at the residence of J. Oliver Wright, Huntingdon, Russell V. Hyssong, of Cassville, and Miss Della J. Wright, of Smith valley, were united in marriage by Rev. B. H. Hart. Both are highly esteemed young people and the ITEM joins with hosts of friends in congratulations and best wishes for a joyous and prosperous life.

—Reunion of Scott's Artillery at Mapleton, Thursday, October 25th. As it will be impossible in the short time intervening to hunt up the addresses of those living at a distance and to notify them of the time of the reunion, we hope the readers of the ITEM who know the addresses of such will at once write to them and give them the information concerning the reunion.

—Herbert L. Ambrose, a brakeman of Huntingdon, was almost instantly killed in the Pennsylvania railroad yard at Harrisburg on Friday afternoon. He was employed on the Huntingdon coal train, cabin No. 444, and was coupling the cabin to the engine, when he was caught between the bumpers and squeezed to death. The accident happened at 4 o'clock, and in four minutes he breathed his last.

—The ladies' aid society of the U. B. church will hold a festival in McConahy's hall next Saturday evening. Ice cream, cake, oysters and other refreshments will be served at reasonable prices. A feature of the festival will be a quilt contest between Dr. W. J. Campbell and Dr. J. G. Spangler. Misses Annie Fisher and Hannah Clemens are solicitors for the former and Misses Sadie Baker and Bessie Chilcote for the latter. The patronage of the public is solicted.

—October 24 the thirteenth national convention of the Woman's Home Missionary society of the Methodist Episcopal church will convene in the Mulberry Street Methodist Episcopal church, Williamsport. Among those who will attend from different parts of the United States are Mrs. Clinton B. Fisk, the national president; Mrs. J. W. Mendenhall, whose husband was editor of the Methodist Reviw; Mrs. Dr. Rust, wife of the pioner in the Freedman's Aid society, and others.

—The following officers of Mapleton Lodge, No. 468, I. O. O. F., were installed by D. D. G. M., N. B. Corbin, last Wednesday evening: N. G., J. A. Brumbaugh; V. G., John C. Garrett; Treas., David Shore; Asst. Sec., H. S. Stubbs; W., Amos Moore; C., G. C. Miller; R. S. N. G., J. K. Gillam; L. S. N. G., H. H. Swope; R. S. V. G., Perry White; L. S. V. G., J. D. McDonald: R. S. S., A. M. Parker; L. S. S., A. W. Kelley; I. G., J. F. Lamberson; O. G., L. M. Speer; chaplain, William Brininger.

—The state commission to locate the position of the Pennsylvania regiments on the battlefield of Antietam attended to the duty on Thursday. They had very little trouble in locating the positions. The commission organized by electing W. W. Greenland, of Clarion, president; Major Wilmer C. Armor, of Harrisburg, secretary, and Captain Jno. W. Morrison, of Pittsburg, treasurer, with a vice president from each corps. The commission think they will have trouble in placing markers in the vicinity of the old Dunkard church, as half of McClellan's army was engaged at one time or another near the church.

—Elder Charles F. Reitzel, who for the past three years has been stationed at Trough Creek, passed through town yesterday on his way from the meeting of the Eldership of the Church of God at Middletown and a visit to his parents at Salunga, Lancaster county. At the recent session of the East Pennsylvania eldership he was transferred to Chambersburg, and a young man, Elder J. A. Detter, will be his successor on the Trough Creek charge. Elder Reitzel is an earnest student, a devout pastor and an excellent preacher and his congregations on the Trough Creek charge regret his removal. He leaves for his new charge about the 7th of next month.

—The following officers of the Christian Endeavor society of the Presbyterian church were elected last Sunday evening: Samuel Hatfield, president; A. B. Gillam and Marion Robley, vice presidents; A. H. Stever, secretary; Mrs. P. M. Hooper, treasurer.

—P. D. Armour, jr., has just completed an actual test of feeding wheat to hogs on his farm. On September 15th he weighed 18 pigs, 1,975 pounds. September 29 the same pigs weighed 2,500, gaining 525 pounds, and receiving nothing for feed except 1,658 pounds of crushed wheat. Taking the present market for hogs at five cents, it would make the value received for the wheat $26.25, or a little over 95 cents a bushel, against a cost of about 53 cents for the wheat.—*Chicago Stock Holder.*

—Thursday, October 11, 1894, at 12 M., S. Shade Bolinger, of Orbisonia, and Miss Annie Elder, of Willow Hill, Franklin county, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Elder, Willow Hill. The ceremony was witnessed by about one hundred persons, all of whom wished the young couple a happy and prosperous life. Then the dining room of the hospitable host and hostess was thrown open and all partook of the pletiful supply of refreshments, which would have satisfied the desires of an epicurean. They received many beautiful and useful presents. In the evening a very enthusiastic serenade was tendered them, which was under the leadership of a party of young ladies. The wedding party left on Friday morning for Gettysburg.

Shimer--Taylor.

Thursday, October 11, 1894 at 6.15 o'clock P. M., J. Howard Shimer and Miss Cora Taylor, both of Mapleton were joined in the holy bonds of wedlock at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. M. S. Bolinger, No. 508 Moore street, Huntingdon. Rev. M. L. Smith pronounced the words which united the twain. On mail express the same evening they came to Mapleton where quite a reception was tendered them at the residence of the bride's father. An elegant supper was served and many useful presents were received by the young couple. While the supper was in progress a novel serenade was given them. The serenaders were led by a number of young ladies, members of Mr. Shimer's Sunday school class, and the attendants were more orderly than calithumpians usually are. On Friday evening the band also tendered them a serenade.

Mr. Shimer has been foreman of the ITEM office for over four years and we have always found him honest, industrious and trustworthy. Mrs. Shimer has always been considered a very fine young lady. Hosts of friends of both parties join in wishing them a long, joyous and prosperous life. The happy couple left yesterday to visit Mr. Shimer's parents in McConnellsburg. Before returning to Mapleton they intend visiting Chambersburg, Hagerstown and other places in the Cumberland valley.

Local Institute.

A local institute will be held at Mapleton on October 27, 1894. All patrons are urged to be present and give their views on the subjects which may be discussed. The institute will convene promptly at 9.30 A. M., in the school building. Following is the program:

Devotional exercises.
Address of welcome.
The subject of "Reading,"—I. N. Swope.
"Physiology and Hygiene"—Dr. W. J. Campbell.
"History"—H. McGowen.
"Mental Arithmetic"—R. A. Ramsey.
"Thoroughness"—J. H. Tate.
"The duty the parent owes to the school"—J. G. Hicks.
"The teacher out of school"—Miss Emma Hooper.

The exercises will be interspersed with music and recitations.

Prof. S. G. Rudy and other educators expect to be present and take part in various discussions.

J. G. DELL, Pres.
E. GUY REX, Sec.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter. Chapped Hands, Chilblains. Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by B. O'Connor & Sons.

School Report.

The first month of the borough schools closed October 5th. As may be seen by the following report, the attendance was good and we believe that never in the history of the schools has there been so great an interest manifested by all parties concerned in the workings of the schools as has been shown this month. Following is the report of the month's work:

No 1.—Louisa A. Dell, Teacher.

	Males.	Females.	Total
Whole attendance	26	16	42
Average "	21	12	33
Per cent. of "	89	99	94

The following pupils missed no time during the month: Charlie McMullen, James McHugh, John Hagans, Charlie O'Connor, Lloyd Robley, Howard Chilcote, Gilbert Skipper, Luther Skipper, Willie Hooper, Thomas Skipper, Jettie Moore, Lizzie Chilcote, May Robley, Louie Wilson, Myrtle Fisher, Edna Rogers, Georgia Dell, Nannie Henderson. The following missed one-half day: David Hagans, John Patterson, Dale Bell, Ella Himes, Ettie Robley. Visitors, 9.

No. 2—E. Guy Rex, Teacher.

	Males.	Females.	Total
Whole attendance	20	25	45
Average "	19	24	43
Per cent. of "	99	94	96

The following pupils made perfect attendance during the month: George Fisher, James Fisher, Scott Wagner, Bennie Barkley, Loren Neice, George Hommon, Henry Buchanan, William Buchanan, Charley Moore, Jesse Swope, Guy Hicks, Mason Hicks, Tommy White, Foster Bell, Lulu McDonald, Bessie Neice, Annie Lamberson, Grace Numer, Hattie Yocum, Ada Wilson, Mary White, Iva Chilcote, Wilda Rogers, Lomie White, Ada McDonald, Lottie Skipper, Olie Lamberson, Louie McCarl, Edith Wood. There were four pupils who missed one-half hay. Visitors, 10.

No. 3—G. W. Wright, Teacher.

	Males.	Females.	Total
Whole attendance	15	17	32
Average "	14	16	30
Per cent. of "	95	88	92

The following pupils missed no time during the month: Anna Fisher, Emma McDonald, Cora Miller, Eunice McCarl, Ada Wood, Myrtle Wise, Elsie White, Burton Codner, John Hicks, Howard Himes, Walter Lamberson, John A. McHugh, Philip McDonald, Emory Neice, Wilbur Yocum, Bruce Yocum, Blaine Yocum. Visitors, 8.

No. 4—J. G. Dell, Teacher.

	Males.	Females.	Total
Whole attendance	15	7	22
Average "	13	6	19
Per cent. of "	96	92	94

The following pupils missed no time during the month: Ettie McDonald, Bessie Chilcote, Minerva Wilson, Clara Fisher, Samuel Stroup, J. Lee Rex, M. L. Wilson, O. L. Wilson, E. B. Griffin, E. F. Baker, J. G. Hooper, H. N. Mounts, G. G. Brumbaugh, Albert Kennedy. Lewis C. Dysart made 100 per cent. for five days and then left town. Two other pupils did not begin the first day. The number of visitors present were four, all of whom were directors.

Local Institute.

A local institute will be held in Alexandria, Saturday, Oct. 27, 1894. The patrons of the schools comprising this district and all friends of education are cordially invited to attend. Following is the program:

Devotional Exercises.
Organization.
Music.
Methods of Teaching Advanced History—
Prof. J. L. Campbell, W. H. Trude.
Music.
To what extent should Natural Science be taught in our Public Schools?—Prof. J. Frank Meyers.
Music.
Primary Grammar—Miss Fannie Fetterhoof, Miss Mary Perlett.
Music.
Why have Reviews?—C. A. Huyett. J. A. Thompson.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE—
(Assigned estate of John Kilgore.)

The undersigned assignee of John Kilgore of the township of Union, county of Huntingdon, Pa., in trust for the benefit of his creditors, by virtue of an order of the court of common pleas of Huntingdon county, will expose the following described real estate to public sale upon the premises in Union township, in said county,

Tuesday, November 13, 1894,
at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, viz:

All that certain farm and tract of land situate in Smith's valley, Union township, Huntingdon county, Pa., adjoining lands now or formerly of Levi Smith's heirs, Robert Parks, Allison Smith, James Fields and George Foster, containing 191 acres, 65 perches, having thereon erected a frame dwelling house, frame barn and other out buildings. The farm lies about 5 miles from Mapleton, on road leading from Mapleton to Cassville.

TERMS OF SALE:—Ten per cent. of purchase money to be paid when property is struck down, 23⅓ per cent. on confirmation of sale by the court, and the balance in two equal annual payments with interest, to be secured by judgment or mortgage.

S. P. SMITH, Assignee.
W. H. & J. S. WOODS, Attys. Airy Dale, Pa
10-12-'94. Huntingdon, Pa.

IN NEW QUARTERS.

We are now in our new quarters with every facility for promptly supplying the wants of our customers. Our stock is fresh and cleah and new goods are arriving almost daily. We are taking advantage of the lowest market value of goods and shall give our customers the benefit of the best prices. Come and see us. Marketable produce taken in exchange for goods.

Respectfully,

A. B. Gillam.

A Happy New Year.

Where there is plenty there is generally happiness. THOSE PEOPLE have the most who get the most for each dollar they spend judiciously.

Your dollar will go farthest at our store. Our stock and assortment are purchased with a view to please our customers. Trade with us.

B. O'CONNOR & SONS

Unafraid.

A dialect beyond our ken,
The accents of an unknown tongue,
Life speaks,—this world of passing men
That is incomparably old
And sad with sinning manifold,
Yet, with each morning, sweet and young.

Yea, sweet and young it is, and plain
Its meaning,—for a girl's light breath
Outwits the wisdom that has lain
Long centuries stored in reverend books.
They doubt and dream; she, by her looks,
Laughs down the lie of churlish death.

—RICHARD BURTON, in Harper's.

A Passing Acquaintance.

BY M. L. B. BRANCH.

In a mountain hotel a gay group of boarders were seated about in hall and parlor, engaged in fancywork, reading or light games, while a cheery fire burned brightly on the hearth, for it was late in the season.

"We are just a nice party now," said one young lady, looking up from her lapful of shaded silks; I hope nobody else will come!"

"Except to fill vacancies as we drop off," said a gentleman, as he laid aside his letters. "You will see two vacant chairs at the table tomorrow."

"Very well," was the reply. "If you must go, we will spread ourselves and keep the table full. If we can't have Mrs. Bruce and you we don't want any one."

The next morning the home-bound travelers left on the early stage, and at the last moment another guest decided to accompany them.

The party remaining went out, some to ramble in the pine woods, some to the concert in the casino. Returning toward dinner time, they found that a telegram had been received from Miss Milicent Paul, bespeaking a room. There was a shout of delight on reading the telegram. Milicent Paul was known to some of the party, and two of them had been her schoolmates at a fashionable seminary three years before.

"Milicent will be the roseleaf on our cup of happiness," said one; "and how fortunate that there is room for her at our table."

The dinner bell rang, and the merry group betook themselves to the dining room. Two chairs were turned down at the table.

"Who has come?" the guests inquired of one another.

As they took their seats, a man and his wife entered, in a hesitating manner, and were given the two chairs. Swift glances were directed at them, and side looks exchanged. They were evidently plain, hard-working people, entirely unaccustomed to traveling and to hotel life. In an instant the original party became a clique. They hardly concealed their dislike of the newcomers, who had brought among them a personality that jarred on all their sense of what was stylish, conventional and agreeable. The two strangers ate heartily, helped themselves to what they wanted, finished their meal and left the table, before the rest of the company had reached their nuts and raisins.

"Did you ever?" "I call it an outrage, forcing such people on us." "The plowman had better stay at home and plow." "His hands took away my appetite." "I hope they are not going to stay over night."

The offending couple spent the afternoon walking about to see the views, and then sat out in the piazza till supper time. After supper, the criticism recommenced.

"They're going to stay. Their trunk has gone up to No. 14." "What will Milicent Paul say? She will have to sit next to them." "She'll freeze them with one glance when she sees that hand reaching in front of her for the butter."

"Oh, come now!" said the brother of the last speaker; "you knew they needed the butter, and you should have passed it, seeing the waiter was not on hand."

"Hush! I'm too provoked for anything. We were such a nice party till those folks pushed in. And when Milicent is coming too! It just spoils the table."

Next day, while the newcomers were out, Milicent Paul arrived, amid the welcoming exclamations of her friends. She was a tall, slender girl with an animated countenance, fashionably dressed, carrying gold eyeglasses, and holding her head aloft in a way peculiarly her own. She had plenty to say, said it well, and was at once the centre of everything.

At dinner time she took the vacant seat, and was just receiving her plate of soup, when the much-criticised couple came in. The guests were all consciously watchful, but Miss Paul seemed to notice nothing. She was giving a vivid description of her journey. Suddenly she paused an instant.

"I beg your pardon!" she said, pleasantly, as her embarrassed neighbor attempted, rather awkwardly, to reach the salt, and, placing it conveniently near, she resumed her description.

"May I trouble you for the pepper?" she asked him a little later; "not black, I prefer white. Thank you." And she spoke in exactly the same tone as when she asked handsome young Mr. Waring across the table if he knew when the mail went out. He admired her none the less for it.

"She has a broader outlook than the rest of us," he thought to himself.

A trip to the Notch was planned for the next day, to go in the morning and return at night. There were enough to fill two mountain wagons. No, not quite enough. Those who counted found there would be room for two more.

"Don't mention it, or Mr. Wilbur and his wife may offer to go," said one lady, with a touch of irritation in her voice.

"Oh! we can't have them," said one of the girls who had been Miss Paul's schoolmate, "can we Milicent?"

"Why not?" asked Miss Paul.

"Oh! why, because—you know—no doubt they are excellent people, but how they would look along with us!"

"My dear Hetty," said Miss Paul, "why be narrow? Why voluntarily live in a groove? I have found the most interesting people in the most unexpected places. Don't turn your back upon your fellow-creatures."

Mr. Waring stepped into the hall where the Wilburs stood diffidently examining a last year's register.

"Would you like to take the trip to the Notch tomorrow, with the rest of the party?" he asked, cordially.

"We would like it very much," said the man.

"Very much indeed!" echoed his wife.

"The expense is three dollars for each seat."

"That's all right," said the man.

"And now which of us will have to sit next them?" murmured the girls in the parlor.

But when the teams were ready the next morning, it was Miss Paul who gracefully and unconcernedly climbed over the wheel and sat by the Wilburs. It was not that she preferred the seat, except as she felt instinctively that they were at a little disadvantage with the others, and it was, perhaps, secret of her perfect bearing in al circles that her private rule of politeness was the little old-fashioned couplet:

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

The party was a merry one; they sang songs and waved the hotel colors as they drove along, each wagon drawn by four splendid white horses. They stopped at the lake to enjoy boating and to hear the echo. While they floated on the water Miss Paul sang two or three Venetian boat songs, to the great delight of the party.

"I learned those of our dark-eyed gondolier," she said.

The Notch was at its grandest that day, and the mountain ranges stood high and clear against the cloudless sky. There were other parties out, a tally-ho coachful, and several teams coming from different directions; but noontime found them all either dining at the nearest hotel or lunching in the woods close by.

A party of Southerners, driving up in a surrey, espied Milicent Paul, and hailed her enthusiastically. She brought them to her own party under the trees, and said, as she presented them:

"These travelers are from Georgia. We met in Washington last winter and became friends."

Mr. Wilbur experienced a slight mental shock. His father had lost both legs in the War, and he himself had never thought of a Southerner except as a foe at heart. Yet here were these people bowing to him with the rest, in cordial, pleasant fashion.

Language had not been given to Mr. Wilbur for the purpose of concealing his thought. He looked earnestly at the stranger nearest him.

"I never expected to meet a Southern man," he said, in blunt tones; "my father was made a cripple in the War."

"And mine lost his life," replied the Southern man, gently. "But it is all over now. You and I have one country."

"So we have—so we have!" said Mr. Wilbur, and the two shook hands silently. This scene escaped the notice of the rest of the company, who had at once engaged in lively conversation; but to both men it was one of those little strokes that help to chisel character.

"Oh, what a beautiful, beautiful day among the mountains this has been!" said Milicent Paul, when they were homeward bound. "I hope you have enjoyed it too, Mrs. Wilbur."

"I have very much. I shall never forget it," said the quiet little woman, her face glowing.

The Wilburs left the next day. Miss Paul shook hands with them when they went, and most of the others did the same. They went away happy and satisfied. They said to each other it had been a good holiday. It was a little awkward at first among strangers, but it had all ended pleasantly, and they had seen so much.

"Are you going to correspond with them, Milicent?" asked her schoolmate, teasingly.

"Hetty, dear," said Milicent, "you really must open your eyes wider and see the world you live in; you will find it repay you. The Wilburs are only passing acquaintances, like many others; we may never meet them again. But in conversing, I found out one or two things which may interest you. When Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur were married, ten years ago, his mother had just died, and there were brothers and sisters besides the crippled father to be cared for. Mrs. Wilbur and her husband put their shoulders cheerfully to the wheel and worked together. It was farm life and farm work. The father died a year ago, and the brothers and sisters now take care of themselves. So this year, when haying and canning were over, the Wilburs decided to take a little holiday and see the mountains. Neither of them ever saw a mountain before. It has been the great event of their lives. cannot tell you how glad I am that they went with us yesterday."

"So am I," said Hetty.

"Another little thing came out, too. I found out where they live. They told me it was close by the Shore Line railroad, a mile from the smallest Rhode Island station, a small red farmhouse with two apple trees and a garden in front. 'With a box border,' I exclaimed, 'two rows of pinks, the bluest larkspurs in the world, and the reddest poppies?' Yes, that was it, she said. Why, girls, I always look at that house and garden when I travel by that road, and have often wondered who lived there. Now I know!"

"Girls!" said Hetty, after Milicent left the room to get the pillow cover she had promised to show them, "I feel like a grub! Shall I ever be a butterfly? And do you wonder that everybody loves Milicent Paul."—The Independent.

Clouds.

Clouds are simply a form of water made visible by the cooling of the air which previously held the water in the form of invisible vapor. Every cloud may be regarded as the top of an invisible column or current thrusting its way into a colder body of air. The comparative altitude of a cloud may be judged, when there is no time or opportunity to make exact measurements, from its form and outline, its shape or shadow, its apparent size and movement, its perspective effect, and the length of time it remains directly illuminated after sunset. By the last method Mr. Inwards states that some clouds have been estimated to have been at least ten miles above the surface of the earth. The cloud velocities at high altitudes have been carefully noted at the Blue Hill Observatory, Massachusetts, and show, practically, that at about five miles in height the velocities are three times as fast in summer and six times in winter as the velocity of the currents on the earth's surface.—Knowledge.

TWO TRAIN ROBBERIES.

$51,000 TAKEN IN CALIFORNIA; $180,000 IN VIRGINIA.

The California Robbers Forced the Engineer to Run the Engine and the Express Agent to Give Up the Money—Masked Men Loot the the Safe in Virginia.

On the same day two daring train robberies occurred, one in California and the other in Virginia. Two robbers held up a train near Sacramento, Cal., and robbed the express car of bags containing $51,000 in gold. The northbound express between Richmond and Washington was held up by a gang of robbers at Aquia Creek, Va. They secured about $180,000.

A despatch from Sacramento says: The east-bound overland train, due here at 9 o'clock p. m., was held up by two men about six miles below this city. The track walker was first robbed and then forced to start to town. The train robbers then covered the engineer and firemen with guns and compelled them to accompany them to the express car. Messenger Page shot twice at the bandits. The engineer and fireman called upon Page to open the door, as the train robbers were going to shoot them if he did not, and were prepared to blow up the car with dynamite. He complied with their request in order to save their lives, and the robbers looted the car of four bags of coin containing about $51,000. They then cut loose the engine, boarded it, and ran toward the city. The engine was finally released and set on a wild run toward the train, but by the time it had reached its destination the steam had run so low that the collision caused little damage. The robbers made their escape. Engineer William Scott tells this story of the hold-up: "We were running on time, and would have been in Sacramento in about fifteen minutes. The train ran over two torpedoes, and I thrust my head out of the window and saw that we were being flagged. Everything was properly done, and I had no suspicion of anything being wrong until the engine stopped, when two men armed with repeating rifles sprang into the cab. They ordered Fireman Lincoln and myself to dismount and go with them to the express car, which they ordered us to uncouple. They accompanied us back to the engine and made us pull out about three-quarters of a mile to a point between two trestles. While we were uncoupling the car the conductor and the brakeman got off the train and the robbers shot at them. After stopping the engine between the trestles the men made us go back with them to the express car. They called to the messenger to open the door or they would kill the fireman and myself. I knew the robbers were determined, and pleaded with the messenger to open the door. The robbers told him that they would not hurt him if he did, and he opened it. They ordered us to get into the car, one of them following us. The messenger gave up the keys to the boxes, and the robbers opened them, taking out four sacks of money, two of them being so heavy that one man could not lift both. Then they ordered us ahead of them to help carry sacks of money, and we walked back to the engine, the robbers constantly punching us in our backs with the muzzles of their guns. When we got to the engine the robbers jumped upon it, opened the throttle, and the engine sprang away down the track. After they arrived in the neighborhood of Sacramento they jumped off, reversed the lever, and sent the engine back over the track under a full head of steam. The engine struck the train, but did not do much damage. Fireman E. S. Lincoln, who got a good view of the robbers, says there is no doubt of their being men who thoroughly understood railroading. The backs of Scott and Lincoln are covered with bruises, caused by the proddings from the ends of the rifles held by the robbers. James Colton, who was beating his way to Sacramento from Suisun, probably saw more of the robbery than any one else. His story is as follows: "As the train slowed up, I climbed up in the back end of the tender and lay down, while Hanley went inside the storm doors. The next thing, I saw the two robbers run up, one on each side of the engine. The big one fired his rifle off, and said to the engineer: 'Get down out of that, and be quick about it.' The engineer replied, 'I will, I will; don't kill me; I'll mind you.' The engineer and fireman accompanied the robbers, who kept poking them with their guns. The tall one said, 'Get a move on you. They went back and uncoupled the four forward cars from the passenger coaches, and brought the fireman and engineer back to the engine. The tall man stood on the platform of the first car and said to the engineer: 'Pull out now and go till I tell you to stop.' One of the robbers kept his gun aimed at the engineer. Then the men compelled the engineer and fireman to go back to the express car and call the messenger. The messenger began to shoot at once, but was implored not to by the engineer. I saw the four come back presently, bearing a sack each, and heard the large man say the sacks weighed about seventy-five pounds, though the two carried by the railroad men were larger than the other two. They put the sacks on the engine, told us to get away from the machine and then they pulled out."

The Virginia Hold-Up.

A telegram from Richmond says: The north-bound passenger train on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, which left here at 7 o'clock p. m., was held up near Quantico. The engineer and fireman were forced from their engine, and the engine was cut loose and sent ahead. The express car was then entered, the messengers covered with pistols and the safe blown open and robbed. The runaway locomotive was stopped at Quantico by obstructing the track. It is stated that there was an unusually large amount of money on the train, probably $50,000. The robbers, seven in number, were masked, and did not blow open the safe as first reported. They forced the messenger to open it. The railroad company has offered $1000 reward for the arrest of any one of the robbers. The express messenger has now reported that the safe contained $150,000. The robbers secured this and all of the express packages containing money. It is thought the amount will foot up to about $180,000. A large part of this money was shipped from Richmond. None of the passengers was molested. After the robbery the thieves made off with their booty in the direction of the Potomac River, where it is supposed they had a boat in waiting to take them to the Maryland side. None of the robbers entered the passenger coaches.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND will issue a proclamation opening to settlement the unalloted lands on the Yanton Reservation, in South Dakota, containing over 100,000 acres.

THE little narrow gauge road in Georgia from Lawrenceville to Suwanne has been abandoned by the Southern Railroad. The engine and cars are standing at the depot.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR OCTOBER 21.

Lesson Text: "A Sabbath in Capernaum," Mark i., 21-34—Golden Text: Mark i., 22—Commentary.

21. "And they went into Capernaum, and straightway on the Sabbath day He entered into the synagogue and taught." This lesson probably comes in order after the call of the four from mending their nets, etc., rather than after the call from the draft of fishes, but let us see Jesus, and the order of events may not matter so much. Capernaum signifies the village of Nahum, the comforter, and the true Comforter has come to His own city (Math. ix., 1). It was His custom to be in the synagogue on the Sabbath (Luke iv., 16), and we may be sure it was His custom never to be late.

22. "And they were astonished at His doctrine, and He taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes." He always preached the word and in the words which the Father gave Him to say (John xii., 49; xiv., 10). His words were the assertions of absolute confidence in God and in the Scriptures. He said, "We speak that we do know" (John iii., 11). We also, if sent by God, may speak boldly the message which He gives us (Ex. iv., 12; Jer. i., 7, 8; Acts iv., 31).

23. "And there was in their synagogue a man of an unclean spirit, and he cried out." Evil spirits still go to church and Sunday-school in the bodies of men and women and boys and girls, but not without the consent of those in whom they go. Anger, wrath, malice, worldliness, deceit, hypocrisy, are surely evil spirits. In fact, all that is not holy and true must be evil.

24. "Saying: Let us alone. What have we to do with Thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art Thou come to destroy us? I know Thee who Thou art, the Holy One of God." Let us alone is still the cry. We will go to church and contribute to the cause if you will only let us alone about the theatre and the ball, social customs, Sunday newspapers and Sunday driving, receiving Jesus, preparing to meet Him and such like. But it is no use; we must all have to do with Jesus. He will destroy the work of the devil (I John iii., 8), and if those works include any of us then we shall have to hear Math. xxv., 41.

25. "And Jesus rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace and come out of him." He spoke to the spirit who was controlling the man. He hates sin, but loves the sinner. Let us also see to this and act likewise. Sin must be destroyed, and if the sinner persists in clinging to his sin he, too, must perish, but the Lord wishes to save the sinner and blot out his sins (II Pet. iii., 9).

26. "And when the unclean spirit had torn him and cried with a loud voice he came out of him." He cast out the spirits with His word (Math. viii., 16). Where the word of a king is there is power (Eccl. viii., 4), and Jesus gave His disciples power over all the power of the enemy (Luke x., 19). What a strength it would be for service as we go forth in His name if we would only believe His word, "All power is given unto Me in Heaven and on earth, and, lo, I am with you all the days, even unto the consummation of the age!" (Math. xxviii., 18-20).

27. "And they were all amazed, insomuch that they questioned among themselves, saying: What thing is this? What new doctrine is this?" The obedience of the demons to His word surprised them, and well it might, for whoever heard of evil spirits controlled by a word which men resist? Let His word be now received in all simplicity and meekness, and no evil spirit of fault finding, fretting, slander or evil speaking can abide in that person. Then will some have to say, "What new doctrine is this?"

28. "And immediately His fame spread abroad throughout all the region round-about Galilee." If the preaching in any church to-day should cure even the majority of its members of the evil spirits which seem to possess so many, what a name Jesus would get in the community! Why not with our hearts determine that by His grace we will seek in every way to magnify that honorable name which is called upon us (Jas. ii., 7 R. V., margin).

29. "And forthwith, when they were come out of the synagogue, they entered into the house of Simon and Andrew with James and John." Happy men to take Jesus home from church with them. How many get all they want of Him while in church, more than enough to do them a whole week, for once a week is all that some pastors see many of their people in the house of God! If such should take Him home from church with them, they could not go out driving in the afternoon, nor go visiting, nor read novels.

30. "But Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever, and anon they tell Him of her." Perhaps a poor day for Simon to bring company (four men) home to dinner—his wife might think so, with her mother sick in bed—but we will hope she was one of those blessed women whom some of us know, who are always glad to exercise hospitality, who live to minister.

31. "And He came and took her by the hand and lifted her up, and immediately the fever left her, and she ministered unto them." It was a good day to have company, after all, especially His kind. Mark is specially the gospel of service, and Jesus is here, in a very marked way, the servant ministering; hence many touches like this, "He took her by the hand." Note also the words straightway, anon, immediately, forthwith, all the same word in the Greek—see R. V.—used over forty times in this gospel, and only about eighty times in the whole New Testament.

32, 33. "And at even when the sun did set they brought unto Him all that were diseased and them that were possessed with devils. And all the city was gathered together at the door." The Sabbath ended at sunset, so they could then do this without, in the estimation of the Pharisees, breaking the day. See chapters ii., 24; iii., 2. The manifest power of God will draw the people. There are weary and heavy laden ones everywhere, sick in body and in soul, and this Jesus is to-day the very same Jesus (Heb. xiii., 8), waiting to give rest of soul and quietness of mind to every weary heart, and when He giveth quietness who then can make trouble? (Job xxxiv., 29).

34. "And He healed many that were sick of divers diseases, and cast out many devils, and suffered not the devils to speak, because they knew Him." The margin says that He suffered them not to say that they knew Him. The testimony of the evil spirit in Acts xvi., 17, sounds well. What could be better? Yet it was not tolerated. God requires no help from the devil. When will His people see this and stop seeking help for the Lord's work from those who are not His children, and therefore must be children of the devil? (John viii., 44.)—Lesson Helper.

Banana Plantations Ruined.

The late storm which passed over the island of Cuba, almost entirely destroyed the banana plantations. The Norwegian fruiter, Christian Johnsen, just arrived from Gibara, brought probably the last cargo of fruit from Cuba this season. New York City for the rest of the season will have to depend entirely on Jamaica and Central America for the supply of bananas.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Oarsmen Defeated."

TEXT: "The men rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord."—Jonah i., 13, 14.

Navigation in the Mediterranean Sea always was perilous, especially so in early times. Vessels were propelled partly by sail and partly by oar. When, by reason of great stress of weather, it was necessary to reef the canvas or haul it in, then the vessel was entirely dependent upon the oars, sometimes twenty or thirty of them on either side of the vessel. You would not venture outside your harbor with such a craft as my text finds Jonah sailing in, but he had not much choice of vessels. He was running away from the Lord, and when a man is running away from the Lord he has to run very fast.

God had told Jonah to go to Nineveh to preach about the destruction of that city. Jonah disobeyed. That always makes rough water, whether in the Mediterranean, or the Atlantic, or the Pacific, or the Caspian Sea. It is a very hard thing to scare sailors. I have seen them, when the brow of the vessel was almost under water, and they were walking the deck knee deep in the surf, and the small boats by the side of the vessel had been crushed as small as kindling wood, whistling as though nothing had happened, but the Bible says that these mariners of whom I speak were frightened.

That which sailors call "a lump of a sea" has become a blinding, deafening, swamping fury. How mad the wind can get at the water, and the water can get at the wind, you do not know unless you have been spectators. I have in my house a piece of the sail of a ship, no larger than the palm of my hand. That piece of canvas was all that was left of the largest sail of the ship Greece, that went into the storm 200 miles off Newfoundland. Oh, what a night that was! I suppose it was in some such storm as this that Jonah was caught.

He knew that the tempest was on his account, and he asked the sailors to throw him overboard. Sailors are a generous hearted race, and they resolved to make their escape, if possible, without resorting to such extreme measures. The sails are of no use, and so they lay hold on their oars. I see the long bank of shining blades on either side the vessel. Oh, how they did pull, the bronzed seamen, as they lay back into the oars! But rowing on the sea is very different from rowing upon a river, and as the vessel hoists the oars skip the wave and miss the stroke, and the tempest laughs to scorn the flying paddles. It is of no use, no use. There comes a wave that crashes the last mast and sweeps the oarsmen from their places and tumbles everything in the confusion of impending shipwreck, or, as my text has it, "The men rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

This scene is very suggestive to me, and I pray God I may have grace and strength enough to represent it intelligently to you. Years ago I preached a sermon on another phase of this very subject, and I got a letter from Houston, Tex., the writer saying that the reading of that sermon in London had led him to God. And I received another letter from South Australia, saying that the reading of that sermon in Australia had brought several souls to Christ. And then, I thought why not now take another phase of the same subject, for perhaps that God who can raise in power that which is sown in weakness may now, through another phase of the same subject, bring salvation to the people who shall hear and salvation to the people who shall read. Men and women who know how to pray, lay hold of the Lord God Almighty, and wrestle for the blessing.

Bishop Latimer would stop sometimes in his sermon, in the midst of his argument, and say, "Now, I will tell you a fable," and to-day I would like to bring the scene of the text as an illustration of a most important religious truth. As those Mediterranean oarsmen trying to bring Jonah ashore were discomfited, I have to tell you that they were not the only men who have broken down on their paddles and have been obliged to call on the Lord for help. I want to say that the unavailing efforts of those Mediterranean oarsmen have a counterpart in the efforts we are making to bring souls to the shore of safety and set their feet on the Rock of Ages. You have a father or mother or husband or wife or child or near friend who is not a Christian. There have been times when you have been in agony about their salvation.

A minister of Christ, whose wife was dying without any hope in Jesus, walked the floor, wrung his hands, cried bitterly and said, "I believe I shall go insane, for I know she is not prepared to meet God." And there, may have been days of sickness in your household, when you feared it would be a fatal sickness, and how closely you examined the face of the doctor as he came in and scrutinized the patient and felt the pulse, and you followed him into the next room and said, "There isn't any danger, is there, doctor?" And the hesitation and the uncertainty of the reply made two eternities flash before your vision. And then you went and talked to the sick one about the great future. Oh, there are those here who have tried to bring their friends to God! They have been unable to bring them to the shore of safety. They are no nearer that point than they were twenty years ago. You think you have got them almost to the shore, when you are swept back again. What shall you do? Put down the oar? Oh, no, I do not advise that, but I do advise that you appeal to that God to whom the Mediterranean oarsmen appealed—the God who could silence the tempest and bring the ship in safety to the port! I tell you, my friends, that there has got to be a good deal of praying before our families are brought to Christ. Ah, it is an awful thing to have half a household on one side the line and the other part of the houshold on the other side of the line! Two vessels part on the ocean of eternity, one going to the right and the other to the left—farther apart and farther apart—until the signals cease to be recognized and there are only two specks on the horizon, and then they are lost to sight forever!

I have to tell you that the unavailing efforts of these Mediterranean oarsmen have a counterpart in the efforts some of us are making to bring our children to the shore of safety. There never were so many temptations for young people as there are now. The literary and the social influences seem to be against their spiritual interests. Christ seems to be driven almost entirely from the school and the pleasurable concourse, yet God knows how anxious we are for our children. We cannot think of going into heaven without them. We do not want to leave this life while they are tossing on the waves of temptation and away from God. From which of them could we consent to be eternally separated? Would it be the son? Would it be the daughter? Would it be the eldest? Would it be the youngest? Would it be the one that is well and stout or the one that is sick? Oh, I hear some parent saying to-night: "I have tried my best to bring my children to Christ. I have laid hold of the oars until they bent in my grasp, and I have braced myself against the ribs of the boat, and I have pulled for their eternal rescue, but I can't get them to Christ." Then I ask you to imitate the men of the text and cry mightily unto God. We want more importunate praying for children, such as the father indulged in when he had tried to bring his six sons to Christ and they had wandered off into dissipation. Then he got down in his prayers and said, "O God, take away my life, if through that means my sons may repent and be brought to Christ," and the Lord startlingly answered the prayer, and in a few weeks the father was taken away, and through the solemnity the six sons fled unto God. Oh, that father could afford to die for the eternal welfare of his children! He rowed hard to bring them to the land, but could not, and then he cried unto the Lord.

There are parents who are almost discouraged about their children. Where is your son to-night? He has wondered off perhaps to the ends of the earth. It seems as if he cannot get far enough away from your Christian counsel. What does he care about the furrows that come to your brow, about the quick whitening of the hair, about the fact that your back begins to stoop with the burdens? Why, he would not care much if he heard you were dead! The black-edged letter that brought the tidings he would put in the same package with other letters telling the story of his shame. What are you going to do? Both paddles broken at the middle of the blade, how can you pull him ashore? I throw you one oar now with which I believe you can bring him into harbor. It is the glorious promise, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee." Oh, broken-hearted father and mother, you have tried everything else: now make an appeal for the help and omnipotence of the covenant keeping God, and perhaps at your next family gathering—perhaps on Thanksgiving Day, perhaps next Christmas Day—the prodigal may be home, and if you crowd on his plate more luxuries than on any other plate at the table I am sure the brothers will not be jealous, but they will wake up all the music in the house, "because the dead is alive again and because the lost is found." Perhaps your prayers have been answered already. The vessel may be coming homeward, and by the light of this night's stars that absent son may be pacing the deck of the ship, anxious for the time to come when he can throw his arm around your neck and ask for forgiveness for that he has been wringing your old heart so long. Glorious reunion, that will be too sacred for outsiders to look upon, but I would just like to look through the window when you have all got together again and are seated at the banquet.

> Though parents may in covenant be
> And have their heaven in view,
> They are not happy till they see
> This children happy too.

Again, I remark that the unavailing effort of the Mediterranean oarsmen has a counterpart in the effort which we are making to bring this world back to God, His pardon and safety. If this world could have been saved by human effort, it would have been done long ago. John Howard took hold of one oar, and Carey took hold of another oar, and Adoniram Judson took hold of another oar, and Luther took hold of another oar, and John Knox took hold of another oar and they pulled until they fell back dead from the exhaustion. Some dropped in the ashes of martyrdom, some on the scalping knives of savages and some into the plague struck room of the lazaretto, and still the chains are not broken, and still the despotisms are not demolished, and still the world is unsaved. What then? Put down the oars and make no effort? I do not advise that. But I want you, Christian brethren, to understand that the church, and the school and the college, and the missionary society are only the instrumentalities, and if this work is ever done at all God must do it, and He will do it in answer to our prayer. "They rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

Again, the unavailing effort of those Mediterranean oarsmen has a counterpart in every man that is trying to row his own soul into safety. When the eternal spirit flashes upon us our condition, we try to save ourselves. We say, "Give me a stout oar for my right hand, give me a stout oar for my left hand, and I will pull myself into safety." No. A wave of sin comes and dashes you one way, and a wave of temptation comes and dashes you in another way, and there are plenty of rocks on which to founder, but seemingly no harbor into which to sail. Sin must be thrown overboard, or we must perish. There are men who have tried for years to become Christians. They believe all I say in regard to a future world. They believe that religion is the first, the last, the infinite necessity. They do everything but trust in Christ. They make sixty strokes in a minute. They bend forward with all earnestness, and they lie back until the muscles are distended, and yet they have not made one inch in ten years toward heaven. What is the reason? That is not the way to go to work. You might as well take a frail skiff and put it down at the foot of Niagara and then head it up toward the churning thunderbolt of waters and expect to work your way up through the lightning of the foam into calm Lake Erie as for you to try to pull yourself through the surf of your sin into the hope and pardon and placidity of the gospel. You cannot do it in that way. Sin is a rough sea, and longboat, yawl, pinnace and gondola go down unless the Lord deliver, but if you will cry to Christ and lay hold of divine mercy you are as safe from eternal condemnation as though you had been twenty years in heaven.

But glory be to God that Jesus Christ is able to take us up out of our shipwrecked and dying condition and put us on the shoulder of His strength, and by the omnipotence of His gospel bear us on through all the journey of this life and at last through the opening gates of heaven! He is mighty to save. Though your sin be long and black and inexcusable and outrageous, the very moment you believe I will proclaim pardon—quick, full, grand, unconditional, uncompromising, illimitible, infinite. Oh, the grace of God! I am overwhelmed when I come to think of it. Give me a thousand ladders, lashed fast to each other, that I may scale the height. Let the line run out with the anchor until all the cables of the earth are exhausted, that we may touch the depth. Let the archangel fly in circuit of eternal ages in trying to sweep around this theme. Oh, the grace of God! It is so high. It is so broad. It is so deep. Glory be to my God, that where man's oar gives out God's arm begins! Why will ye carry your sins and your sorrows any longer when Christ offers to take them? Why will you wrestle down your fears when this moment you might give up and be saved? Do you not know that everything is ready?

Plenty of room at the feast. Jesus has the ring of His love all ready to put upon your hand. Come now and sit down, ye hungry ones, at the banquet. Ye who are in rags of sin, take the robe of Christ. Ye who are swamped by the breakers around you, cry to Christ to pilot you into smooth, still waters. On account of the peculiar phase of the subject I have drawn my present illustrations, you see, chiefly from the water. I remember that a vessel went to pieces on the Bermudas a great many years ago. It had a vast treasure on board. But, the vessel being sunk, no effort was made to raise it. After many years had passed a company of adventurers went out from England, and after a long voyage they reached the place where the vessel was said to have sunk. They got into a small boat and hovered over the place. Then the divers went down, and they broke through what looked like a limestone covering, and the treasures rolled out—what was found afterward to be, in American money, worth $1,500,000, and the foundation of a great business house. At that time the whole world rejoiced over what was called the luck of these adventurers. O, ye who have been rowing toward the shore and have not been able to reach it, I want to tell you to-night that your boat hovers over infinite treasure! All the riches of God are at your feet—treasures that never fail and crowns that never grow dim. Who will go down now and seek them? Who will dive for the pearl of great price? Who will be prepared for life, for death, for judgment, for the long eternity? See two hands of blood stretched out toward thy soul as Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

THOUGH the English football season has only been open a short time, numerous accidents have already occurred. For instance, a man by the name of Hudson, playing at Shipley, broke his neck, and at a game at Tottenham, two players each received a broken leg.

JOLIET, Ill., is booking a fine of $100 a day against each of the six railroads which pass through the place, because they neglect to obey an ordinance for the elevation of the tracks.

GUATEMALA asserts sovereignty over a portion of territory claimed by Mexico and a collision is feared between the two countries.

THE MARKETS.

Late Wholesale Prices of Country Produce Quoted in New York.

41 MILK AND CREAM.

Lighter receipts and a good demand caused a generally active market the past week. Surplus at the platforms brought an average of $1.62 per can of 40 quarts. Exchange price 3¼c. per quart net to the shipper.

Receipts of the week, fluid milk, gals	1,535,744
Condensed milk, gals	10,440
Cream, gals	39,657

BUTTER.

Creamery—Penn., extras	24½	@	—
Western, extras	24½	@	25
Western, firsts	21	@	23
Western, thirds to seconds	15	@	20
State—Extra	24½	@	—
Firsts	20	@	22
Thirds to seconds	14	@	18
Western Im. Creamery, firsts	14	@	19
Seconds	—	@	14
Western Dairy	13	@	17
Factory, June, firkins	13½	@	15

CHEESE.

State—Full cream, white, fancy	10⅝	@	10½
Full cream, good to prime	9½	@	10
State Factory—Part skims, choice	7⅞	@	8
Part skims, good to prime	6	@	7
Full skims	3	@	3½

EGGS.

State & Penn—Fresh	19	@	20
Jersey—Fancy	22	@	23
Western—Prime to choice	18½	@	19
Duck eggs—South & West	—	@	—
Goose eggs	—	@	—

BEANS AND PEAS.

Beans—Marrow, 1894, choice	—	@	2 40
Medium, 1894, choice	1 85	@	1 90
Pea, 1894, choice	1 65	@	1 70
Red kidney, 1894, choice	2 30	@	2 40
White Kidney, 1893, choice	2 35	@	2 40
Black turtle soup, 1893	1 95	@	2 00
Lima, Cal., 1893, ₱ 60 lbs	2 75	@	2 80
Green peas, bbls	—	@	1 07½

FRUITS AND BERRIES—FRESH.

Plums, ₱ 10 lb basket	20	@	35
Prunes, ₱ basket	30	@	50
Peaches, ₱ basket	75	@	1 75
Cranberries, Cape Cod, ₱ bbl	6 50	@	9 00
Jersey, ₱ crate	2 25	@	2 50
Quinces, ₱ bbl	2 00	@	2 50
Apples, greenings, ₱ bbl	1 50	@	2 25
Baldwin	1 50	@	1 75
Common qualities	1 00	@	1 25
Pears, Bartlett, ₱ bush—box	2 00	@	2 50
Grapes, Del., ₱ basket	16	@	18
Catawba	11	@	12
Concord	9	@	—

HOPS.

State—1894, choice, ₱ lb	9½	@	10
1894, common to fair	6	@	7½
Pacific Coast, choice	9½	@	10
Good to prime	8	@	9
Old odds	2	@	3

HAY AND STRAW.

Hay—Prime, ₱ 100 lb	—	@	75
Clover mixed	45	@	55
Straw—Long rye	40	@	55
Oat	30	@	35

LIVE POULTRY.

Fowls, ₱ lb	9½	@	10
Spring chickens, ₱ lb	9	@	10
Roosters, old, ₱ lb	6	@	6½
Turkeys, ₱ lb	8	@	9
Ducks, ₱ pair	55	@	90
Geese, ₱ pair	1 25	@	1 50
Pigeons, ₱ pair	20	@	25

DRESSED POULTRY.

Turkeys, young ₱ lb	7	@	11
Chickens, Phila, broilers	13	@	20
Western	9	@	11
Jersey, ₱ lb	—	@	—
Fowls, ₱ lb	8½	@	9½
Ducks, spring, L. I. & East ₱ lb	18	@	—
Geese, ₱ lb	13	@	14
Squabs, ₱ doz	1 50	@	—

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, St. & Jersey, ₱ bbl	1 37	@	1 62
Long Island	1 75	@	2 00
Sweet, ₱ bbl	1 50	@	2 25
Cabbage, ₱ 100	2 00	@	4 50
Onions—Yellow, ₱ bbl	1 25	@	1 75
Red, ₱ bbl	1 25	@	1 75
Squash, marrow, ₱ bbl	50	@	65
Hubbard	1 00	@	1 25
Turnips, Russia, ₱ bbl	50	@	70
Egg plant, ₱ bbl	50	@	1 00
Celery, ₱ doz. roots	10	@	15
Tomatoes, ₱ box	25	@	50
Cucumbers, ₱ 100	1 25	@	1 75
Lima beans, ₱ bag	1 00	@	1 75
Cauliflower, ₱ bbl	50	@	1 50

GRAIN, ETC.

Flour—Winter Patents	2 85	@	3 10
Spring Patents	3 30	@	3 50
Wheat, No. 2 Red	—	@	55½
December	—	@	57¼
Corn—No. 2	57¼	@	57½
Oats—No. 2 White	36¼	@	—
Track mixed	34	@	—
Rye—State	—	@	—
Barley—Ungraded Western	60	@	65
Seeds—Timothy, ₱ 100	5 90	@	6 50
Clover	9 75	@	9 25
Lard—City Steam	7⅜	@	7½

LIVE STOCK.

Beeves, city dressed	6½	@	9
Milch Cows, com. to good	—	@	—
Calves, city dressed	7½	@	12
Country dressed	6½	@	10½
Sheep, ₱ 100 lbs	2 00	@	3 50
Lambs, ₱ 100 lbs	2 50	@	3 80
Hogs—Live, ₱ 100 lbs	5 40	@	5 80
Dressed	6½	@	8½

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

EARL GREY, one of the oldest peers of England, is dead.

REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM L. WILSON has returned from Europe.

JAPAN'S great general, Field Marshal Yamagata, is a poet and essayist.

PROFESSOR LEYDEN, of Berlin, said that the Czar of Russia might possibly recover in a favorable climate.

H. J. COX, weather observer at New Haven, Conn., has been appointed general forecaster for the entire country.

PROFESSOR VINCENZO BOTTA, the eminent writer and linguist, died in New York from injuries received in falling from a window.

A. A. ZIMMERMAN, the champion cyclist, is twenty-five years of age, and weighs 168 pounds when in training. It is said that he has made $200,000 from bicycle racing.

SIR JOHN DUGDALE ASTLEY, Baronet, the well known sportsman, died in London. He recently published a volume of reminiscences, which is one of the best sporting books in existence.

THE Emperor William has furnished every vessel of his navy with a copy of Captain Mahan's "Influence of Sea Power on History," and says that he is trying to commit the book to memory himself.

COMMANDER RICHARD RUSH, United States Navy, is very much interested in the doings of Admiral Ito, of the Japanese navy, as he was one of his instructors at Annapolis. He says that Ito was a modest, studious boy, and stood well in his classes.

THE oldest professor in the world, both in years and service, is Dr. Franz Neumann, who lectures on physics and mineralogy at Konigsberg, Germany. He is ninety-six years old, and has been a member of the university since he was thirty.

THE late Dr. Holmes was of pure old New England stock. His father, Abiel Holmes, was born in Woodstock, Conn., and his grandfather and great-grandfather lie buried in the village churchyard. His ancestor, John Holmes, was among the first settlers who left Roxbury for Woodstock in 1686.

THE Rev. Samuel F. Smith, of Newton Center, Mass., author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," is now eighty-five years old and in excellent health. He is a graduate of Harvard, class of 1829, and reads fifteen different languages. Mr. and Mrs. Smith recently celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage.

MRS. PHOEBE BALLOU, an aunt of President Garfield, died a few days ago, at Zanesville, Ohio, aged seventy-nine. The late President, when a young man was visiting her in Brush Creek Township, when he was prevailed upon to take charge of the district school. He there taught his first term, and boarded with his aunt.

THOMAS A. GARFIELD, the only brother of the assassinated President, is living on a farm sixteen miles from Grand Rapids, Mich. He is more than seventy years old, and is now lame with rheumatism and suffers with neuralgia. In the house opposite dwells James A. Garfield, his son, also a farmer, who has recently been elected Justice of the Peace.

SLAUGHTER IN THE STORM.

A Cargo of 233 Cattle and 187 Sheep Killed.

Cattlemen who reached New York on the National Line steamer Greece, from London, brought news that the Europe, another ship of the same line, encountered a terrific storm during her last run to London, and lost nearly half of the live stock she carried.

Owing to an accident to her steering gear the Europe rolled helplessly in the trough of the sea for twelve hours, and a pitiable slaughter of her sheep and cattle resulted.

The Europe sailed from New York with a miscellaneous cargo, in addition to which she carried 584 cattle and 599 sheep. She ran into a terrific northwesterly gale, and before night her rudder chain parted, and it was impossible to keep her head to the wind. She fell off and rolled heavily, shipping seas continually, until the cattle pens on the main and spar decks were flooded. The bedding was washed from beneath the feet of the cattle, and the flooring became so slippery that they could not stand.

Dead cattle lay about all over the ship an hour later, while from the pens which had stood the strain an incessant bellowing told that the slaughter continued. A sheep pen on the port side gave way, too, and many of the animals were crushed to death. In some instances plunging bullocks where thrown into the sheep pens, and struggled there until they died. The crew was small, and even though the wind abated in the morning a heavy sea was still running, and it was not until four in the afternoon that the steering gear was repaired and the steamer got under way.

Then the sailors proceeded to clean the decks. They threw overboard 233 cattle and 187 sheep. Others were subsequently killed.

DYNAMITE ON THE STOVE.

Five Persons Killed by the Recklessness of a Michigan Miner.

John Ravell, a miner, of Ironwood, Mich., put a half box of dynamite on the kitchen stove to thaw it out for use in the morning. The family, consisting of seven persons, was gathered about the stove, chatting over the events of the day with a neighbor, Mrs. Peterson. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion, by which the following were killed: John Ravell, Peter Ravell, Dan Ravell, Louis Ravell, Mrs. Louise Peterson. The three others present were terribly injured. The house was blown to atoms.

FROM THE SAME BEAM.

Two Murderers Hanged at Union Springs, Ala.

Ames Myson, for the murder of Dudley Carrey, and Jackson Hicks, for the murder of James Breel, were hanged at Union Springs, Ala., at 12.40 o'clock p. m.

Both were colored and were hanged from the same beam. Both professed religion before ascending the gallows.

TWO HUNDRED BLOWN UP.

Explosion at the Barracks in Granada Kills Many Men.

A dispatch to the Star and Herald, from Granada, Nicaragua, says

"A terrible catastrophe has occurred here. The military barracks have been blown up and a whole quarter of the city has been badly damaged.

"The number of dead is estimated as 200. The number of wounded is much greater, but no exact estimate is yet obtainable."

ELEVATORS in Chicago and its tributary roads are so stocked as almost to put an entire stop to railways hauling grain and flour.

THE NEWS EPITOMIZED.

Eastern and Middle States.

THE New York Baseball Club defeated the Baltimore nine at New York by a score of 16 to 3, winning the Temple Cup. The New Yorks won four games in succession.

HENRY W. ABBOTT, aged sixty-seven, and his wife, Mrs. Mary Abbott, aged sixty-two years, died at New Brunswick, N. J., within six hours of each other.

THE State Convention of Massachusetts Democrats, at Boston, nominated the following ticket: For Governor, John E. Russell; for Lieutenant-Governor, Charles E. Stratton, for Secretary, Charles A. De Courcey; for Treasurer, James S. Grinnell; for Auditor, Alfred C. Whitney; for Attorney-General, Henry F. Hurlburt.

CORNELL STUDENT TAYLOR, sentenced for contempt by Justice Forbes, at Ithaca, for refusal to answer all questions relative to the chlorine outrage, was ordered released by the Court of Appeals.

MARY KERSEE was shot and killed by Frank Bezeck, at Olyphant, Penn. The girl had refused to marry Bezeck.

LOUIS KESSLER, of Buffalo, shot and killed his wife and then himself at Holland, Erie County, N. Y.

EVERETT P. WHEELER, of New York City, was nominated by the Shepard Democrats for Governor against David B. Hill, and the third ticket was completed by indorsing Lockwood and Brown. The State Democracy, at its County Convention, nominated the Committee of Seventy's ticket for New York City, with the substitution of Edward J. H. Tamsen instead of Otto Kempner for Sheriff, and Dr. Anderson instead of Dr. O'Meagher for Coroner.

THE following city and county ticket was placed in the field in New York City by Tammany Hall: For Mayor, Nathan Straus; for Recorder, Frederick Smyth; for President of the Board of Aldermen, Augustus W. Peters; for Judge of the Superior Court, Charles H. Truax; for Sheriff, William Sohmer; for Coroners, John B. Shea and Jacob A. Mittnacht.

THE funeral of ex-Governor Andrew G. Curtin took place at Bellefonte, Penn. Oliver Wendell Holmes was buried at Boston.

THE police of New York City attacked a gathering of striking cloakmakers and clubbed many of them severely.

THE flat-bottomed steamer Majella lies bottom up on the Rhode Island coast, between Matunuck Beach and Point Judith. She foundered in the terrible gale and her crew of six men went down with her.

A FIRE in a tenement house at Boston, Mass., supposed to be of incendiary origin, caused a panic among the inmates, eight of whom hurled themselves to the ground. The casualties were as follows: Dead, Charles Swenten, thirty years old; William Coupeiser. Mortally injured, August Johnson, nineteen years old, cut and burned; Frederick Caulter, terribly bruised.

South and West.

ALEXANDER RICHARDSON, a white man, was hung by a mob in Irvine, Ky. He murdered Mrs. Wylie White, the wife of a farmer.

THREE men were killed in the Illinois Steel Works, Chicago, and five seriously injured by the explosion of a steam pipe. The dead are William Miller, thirty years old; John Holstrom and A. B. Sparrow. The recovery of the injured was considered doubtful.

NORTH DAKOTA, portions of South Dakota, and the northern border of Minnesota were buried under a heavy fall of snow.

JOHN T. CALLAHAN, the first of the Boodle Council of New Orleans, La., convicted of criminal bribery and corruption in office, was sentenced to five years in the State Penitentiary and $50 fine.

THE twenty-third anniversary of the great fire was celebrated in Chicago.

THE twentieth annual convention of the American Bankers' Association was held at Baltimore.

THE American Debenture Company, of Chicago, failed, with liabilities of $1,500,000.

PROPOSED amendments to the National Banking law, designed to secure an elastic currency, were adopted by the American Bankers' Association at Baltimore.

CRANDY MOORE, aged twelve, was arrested at Bells, Tenn., charged with wrecking the fast mail train, in which several persons were injured, some probably fatally. He has confessed.

AN explosion occurred in Dum's coal mine, Keithsburg, Ill., killing William Walters and Harvey H. Smith.

THREE men were killed and one injured by the explosion of a boiler in Hodge's saw mill at St. Louis, Mo.

Washington.

THE fall term of the United States Supreme Court opened at Washington, all of the Justices being present.

THE President appointed Colonel Michael R. Morgan to the Commissary General of Subsistence, in place of General Hawkins, resigned.

THE Department of State has received from the Chilean Government the full amount of the awards made to America by the recent Chilean Claims Commission, aggregating more than $250,000.

THE President has appointed A. D. Garden United States Marshal for the District of West Virginia, vice S. S. Vinson, resigned.

WILLIAM B. SMITH, of Elizabeth, N. J., an employe of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, was arrested by Andrew McWilliams, chief clerk of the Secret Service, for stealing 50,000 two cent postage stamps from the Bureau.

Foreign.

FIRE started at Antwerp, Belgium, in the buildings on the Exhibition Grounds, known as "Old Antwerp," and for a time the destruction of the entire group was threatened. The flames were extinguished after a block of seven houses had been burned.

AN Anarchist plot embracing all Italy is said to have been discovered.

MINISTER DENBY has warned the Americans in Pekin that the city will certainly be attacked by the Japanese; a Japanese squadron was sighted off Che-Foo.

THERE was a report in Yokohama that the Japanese had captured Che-Foo; a second Japanese army is said to be advancing upon Monkden.

DURING a fog a freight train running over a crossing near Chertram, Kent, England, struck a wagon full of hop-pickers, eight of whom were killed and five badly injured.

SOME thirty lives were lost in the storm in Newfoundland waters, and about fifty vessels are ashore there.

IT was reported that the Czar of Russia had pyæmia. Professor Leyden was summoned.

FRANCE, England, Russia and Germany have agreed to form a quadruple alliance to protect foreigners in China and to put an end to the war between that country and Japan.

THE Portuguese at Lourenzo Marquez, Africa, were hemmed in by 30,000 Kaffirs; the latter burned many houses in the suburbs and murdered seventeen persons.

SHELL ANNIE.

Nobody expected General Sherman to come into Atlanta from the south.

Oh, no; in the natural course of events he must have certainly shouldered his way right straight on from the north, and accordingly the grim and grimy, frayed out fragments of Hood's Confederate army wallowed in the stifling trenches all along the vast semicircular line of outworks that faced the valley of the Chattahooche and commanded the approaches from the Allatoona hills beyond.

But he of the eagle eye was a strategist. He wanted to cut off and coop up the gray jackets in the city, and for that reason he quietly marched the larger part of his army up the western bank of the river eight or ten miles, flung them across the river, and with a mighty swing of that ponderous trip hammer of war he struck them from the south, thus cutting off their lines of supplies by the Georgia railroad. Then followed those terrible days which wound up with the fierce onslaught of July 22, when the hopeless, half starved southern men and the gallant men of the west met in a mighty gladiatorial contest which resulted in the fall of Atlanta.

These are matters for the historian, but what I am going to recount is one of these wild, weird romances with which this terrible conflict was so fraught, and here is the strange story:

"On to the sea!" was the watchword of Sherman's armies, and the sullen and dogged retreat of the Confederates to Jonesboro was the first movement of the defeated and despairing Confederates.

Jonesboro was a little inland town, nestled amid field and forest, interspersed with beautiful undulating hills and grassy valleys green with the hope of the harvest, but little suited as a defensive point for the bruised and battered legions who were recoiling slowly toward the southern sea.

Breastworks had been hastily thrown up flanking the line of the Central railroad, and in the ditches behind them the straggling remnant of obstinate Confederates was intrenched.

It was a gloriously beautiful summer day when the skirmish line of the northern hosts debouched from the works and took up position in front of these breastworks.

Taken by surprise after relying in vain on the ability of the southern troops to check the onflow of the legions of the conquering hosts, the women and children, led by the lame and the halt and the aged men of the country, were fleeing for life, panic stricken and utterly demoralized.

As the sun rose over the swelling ridges the eyes of the soldiers of either army caught the gleam of a little white tent, half hidden in a wood, just a little to the left of the line of attack, and above it fluttered a tiny white flag no bigger than a man's hand.

It was a woman's handkerchief, and all the chivalrous feelings of the American soldier were aroused as the grim veterans caught sight of that little appealing bit of cambric floating there through the uprising mists of war. The order was passed to respect that flag, and when the great guns began their work and shot and shell were hurled blazing and crashing across field and wood from either direction never a gunner trained his piece toward a point near that little white tent.

The battle was fiercely fought, but the combat was of short duration, and as the shadows lengthened eastward the southern troops were seen in full retreat, leaving the field to the triumphant Federals.

As they swept forward a drummer boy, Otto Barden, of a Pennsylvania regiment paused by the little white tent in the wood.

Guards in blue uniform surrounded it, and while the smoke of battle swirled above and around there was a plaintive cry from the tent, and the stalwart surgeon lifted the flap of the little tent and emerged, followed by an old negress, bearing in her arms a tiny, white bundle.

"Please God, marsa, is you gwinter take us off ter de norf?" wailed she, with the big tears coursing down her withered face. "It'll sho' kill Mis' Annie ef yo' does."

"Not a bit of it, old lady, not a bit of it," replied the good natured surgeon, with a smile.

"Hello, Otto, you're the very boy I want. This is your prize, as you are nearest her age, and we are going to detail you to take charge of this wee prisoner and see that the little reb don't escape."

The rough soldiers came crowding around for a peep at the prisoner, and many eyes filled with tears of tenderness as they gazed on the baby that had first seen the light in such grewsome surroundings.

"Ain't it a wonder that she and the mother were not blown to pieces?" said the sergeant.

"It is indeed," replied the corporal, "for look there where a stray shell cut its way through the bushes, clean as a knife."

"Well, boys, she is our prize. Let us christen her, for time is up, and the Johnnies are waiting for us behind some bush heap down the road. Come, Otto, speak up. You shall have the honor of naming the little miss," said the surgeon.

"Call her Shell Annie," said the boy as his mind reverted to his own orphaned days, "because she was saved from that shell."

"Good!" cried the surgeon.

"Shell Annie!" chorused the sergeant and the corporal in a breath.

"Here, give me your canteen, Otto," said the surgeon. "Hold her head up, auntie," and sprinkling a few drops on the tiny head he continued: "Shell Annie, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and may they ever protect thee as has the God of battle today. Now, Otto, the sergeant will remain with a file of men until moring, and you may remain with them, for you look tired and worn out, my boy."

At the word of command the other soldiers took up the line of march, and faint and fainter grew the roar and rumble of the departing legions, rolling on irresistibly to match their blue billows with the blue waves of the distant sea.

* * * * * *

Twenty years after the furling of the flags the battlefield of Jonesboro was a cornfield, and the rustling rows of the crested corn hid from view the almost obliterated traces of strife. Peace and plenty reigned, and the one armed veteran of the north was hobnobbing with the peg legged veteran of the south as they laughingly recounted the experiences of the war.

Asheville had become a great resort for summer visitors from all sections on account of its quietude, its healthful air and water and its splendid scenic surroundings.

As the train slowed up at the little station a man, apparently blessed with all the activity of youth, but bearing about him that unmistakable air of maturity that indicates intimate knowledge of and rough experience with life, stepped on the platform and strolled up the hill toward the hotel.

The dusky twilight of the dying summer day softened the rugged outlines of the gloomy mountains, and the tinkle of a crystal stream made music in the thickets below.

Suddenly the stranger was startled by a wild cry, and around a turn of the road came a horse at full speed, and in the buggy, swaying to and fro at his heels, there was a flutter of white.

Springing forward and dropping his belongings, the stranger clutched the reins of the frightened animal and arrested his mad career, but the shock was so sudden that the occupant of the buggy was tossed into the bushes by the roadside.

Releasing the horse, which stood trembling with fear and excitement, the stranger gently lifted the prostrate form, and as the crowd from the hotel came rushing to the spot she opened her eyes in a dazed and startled way.

"Are you hurt much?" asked the stranger.

"No, thank you, I was only frightened. I had just got into the buggy and was going for a ride when he became frightened and ran away. Oh, how can I ever thank you?"

"Best by not mentioning it again," said the stranger brusquely, handing her his card as he resigned her to her friends and walked away.

On the following morning the stranger arose late after his fatiguing journey, and when he went down to breakfast beside his plate was a little perfumed note, and he opened it and read it, half amused and half in wonder:

MR. OTTO BARDEN—Permit me to thank you and to convey to you the grateful feelings of my friends for your brave action in rescuing me from my perilous position yesterday. As a partial recognition of your kindness, I wish to extend to you an invitation to enjoy a picnic excursion with us today. It is my birth day. Please do not fail to come. Gratefully,

ANNIE FONTAINE.

On a blank leaf from his notebook Barden wrote a line accepting the invitation and then leisurely finished his breakfast.

The day was perfect, and as the special guest of the heroine of the day he thought he had never felt quite so near at peace with himself and all mankind as he did while lounging on the green grass beneath the shadow of the tall hemlocks at the foot of the mountain with pretty Annie Fontaine.

Chatting in a desultory way, Barden suddenly recalled the day and the drama of 20 years ago.

"Do you know," said he, "that I was one of those Yanks that marched with Sherman to the sea?"

"Indeed? Why, you must have been a very youthful soldier."

"I was a drummer boy, and this day 20 years ago I was in the battle of Jonesboro."

"And so was I," said she, with a saucy smile, "for that was my birthday and the place of my nativity."

"What!" he cried, springing to his feet excitedly. "Then you are, you must be"—

"Shell Annie," she replied.

* * * * * *

There are some stories that ought to be concluded before they are begun, but this, which is as true as—yes, truer than—most history, reached its natural conclusion then and there, and the Pennsylvania drummer boy now owns one of the finest fruit farms around Jonesboro, and the mistress of that southern home is Shell Annie.—Atlanta Journal.

The India Rubber Variety.

Guest—Waiter, bring me a steak and some mushrooms.

Waiter—Yes, sah. You'll have to wait a few minutes foh de mushrooms, sah. They are being used on a steak foh another customer jes' now, sah.—New York Herald.

Are You Ready to Give Thanks?

The past year has been a pretty hard one for most folks; but, with it all, every one, if he will think the matter over calmly, has some one thing, if no more, to be truly thankful for this Thanksgiving, be it only that things are not worse. Thoee who have not yet made up their minds what they have to be thankful for should read the symposium in Demorest's Magazine for November, in which a number of well-known people give their answers to the question "What Have We to Give Thanks For?" The answers are characteristic, and will set every reader "a-thinkin'."

And this is truly a specially interesting number. The article on "The Queen of Korea" gives us glimpses of many unique things behind the scenes in the palaces of "the hermit kingdom," and the numerous illustrations, many of them from drawings by Korean artists, bring the far-away little kingdom very near to us. Those interested in getting up church entertainments should not fail to read "Living Pictures for Amateurs," which gives minute directions how to arrange them easily and quickly, and an illustrated article on "Harvest Decorations," for churches, will be found very useful at the Thanksgiving season. All the stories are especially good: in "Society Fads" and "Chat" one may learn all the latest doings of the "Four Hundred;" an excellent article on "The Breath of Life" is in "Sanitarian;" "Household" and "Home Art" will aid the house-mother in her autumn preparations; the charming illustrations are a treasure-trove, and the oil-picture, "Just My Pie," will appeal to every lover of pumpkin pie. Every member of the family is sure to find something of individual interest in every number of Demorest's, which is published for only $2 a year, by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 E. 14th St., New York.

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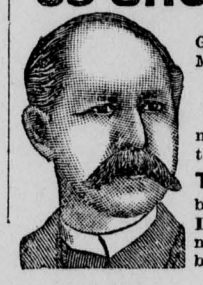

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